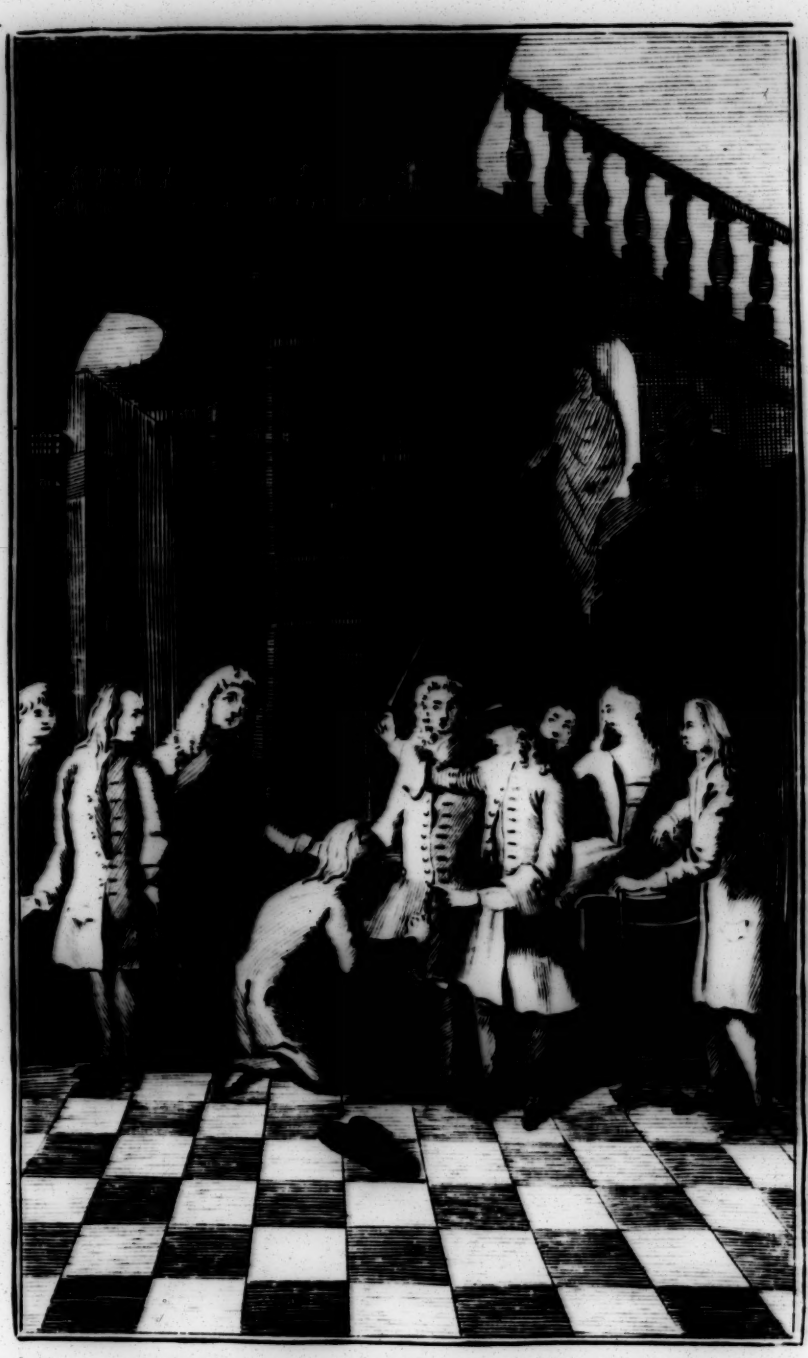

Every Man in his humour.

EVERY MAN

IN HIS

HUMOUR.

A

COMEDY.

BY

BEN JOHNSON.

WITH

ALTERATIONS and ADDITIONS.

By D. GARRICK.

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED,

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

EDINBURGH:
PRINTED AND SOLD BY JOHN ROBERTSON,
MDCCLXXIV.

f. 1014

THE

LIFE

OF

BEN JOHNSON.

BEN JOHNSON was deſcended from a Scots family, his grandfather, who was a gentleman, being originally of Annandale in that kingdom, whence he removed to Carliſle, and afterwards was employed in the ſervice of King Henry VIII. His father loſt his eſtate under Queen Mary, in whoſe reign he ſuffered impriſonment, and at laſt entered into holy orders, and died about a month before our poet's birth, who was born at Weſtminſter, ſays Wood, in the year 1574. He was firſt educated at a private ſchool in the church of St Martin's in the Fields, afterwards removed to Weſtminſter ſchool, where the famous Camden was maſter. His mother, who married a bricklayer to her ſecond huſband, took him from ſchool, and obliged him to work at his father-in-law's trade; but being extremely averſe to that employment, he went into the Low Countries, where he diſtinguiſhed himſelf by his bravery, having, in the view of the army, killed an enemy, and taken the *opima ſpolia* from him.

Upon his return to England, he applied himſelf again to his former ſtudies, and Wood ſays he was admitted into St John's College in the Univerſity of Cambridge, though his continuance there ſeems to have been but ſhort. He had ſome time after this the misfortune to fight a duel, and kill his adverſary, who only ſlightly wounded him in the arm; for this he was impriſoned, and being caſt for his life, was near execution; his an-

tagoniſt, he ſaid, had a ſword ten inches longer than his own.

While he lay in priſon, a popiſh prieſt viſited him, who found his inclination quite diſengaged as to religion, and therefore took the opportunity to impreſs him with a belief of the Popiſh tenets. His mind, then naturally melancholy, clouded with apprehenſions, and the dread of execution, was the more eaſily impoſed upon. However, ſuch was the force of that impreſſion, that for twelve years after he had gained his liberty, he continued in the Catholic faith, and at laſt turned Proteſtant, whether from conviction or faſhion cannot be determined; but when the character of Ben is conſidered, probability will be upon the ſide of the latter, for he took every occaſion to ridicule religion in his plays, and make it his ſport in converſation. On his leaving the Univerſity, he entered himſelf into an obſcure playhouſe, called the *Green Curtain*, ſomewhere about Shoreditch or Clerkenwell. He was firſt an actor, and probably only a ſtrolling one; for Decker in his *Satyromaſtix*, a play publiſhed in 1602, and deſigned as a reply to Johnſon's *Poetaſter*, 'reproaches him with having left the occupa-'tion of a mortar-trader to turn actor, and with having 'put up a ſupplication to be a poor journeyman player, in 'which he would have continued, but that he could not 'ſet a good face upon it, and ſo was caſhiered.' Beſides, if we admit that ſatire to be built on facts, we learn further, 'that he performed the part of Zuliman at the 'Paris Garden in Southwark, and ambled by a play-'waggon on the high-way, and took mad Jeronymo's 'part to get ſervice amongſt the mimics.' Shakeſpeare is ſaid to have firſt introduced him to the world, by recommending a play of his to the ſtage, at the time when one of the players had rejected his performance, and told him it would be of no ſervice to their company His firſt printed dramatic performance was a comedy, entitled *Every Man in his Humour*, acted in the year 1598, which being ſoon followed by ſeveral others, as his *Sejanus*, his *Volpone*, his *Silent Woman*, and his *Alchymiſt*, gained him ſo high a reputation, that, in October 1619, upon the death of Mr Samuel Daniel, he was made Poet Laureat to King James I. and on the 19th of July,

July, the ſame year, he was created (ſays Wood) Maſter of Arts at Oxford, having reſided for ſome time at Chriſt Church in that Univerſity. He once incurred his Majeſty's diſpleaſure for being concerned with Chapman and Marſton in writing a play called *Eaſtward Hoe*, wherein they were accuſed of having reflected upon the Scotch nation. Sir James Murray repreſented it to the King, who ordered them immediately to be impriſoned, and they were in great danger of loſing their ears and noſes, as a correction of their wantonneſs; nor could the moſt partial have blamed his Majeſty, if the puniſhment had been inflicted; for ſurely to ridicule a country from which their Sovereign had juſt come, the place of his nativity, and the kingdom of his illuſtrious forefathers, was a moſt daring inſult. Upon their releaſement from priſon, our poet gave an entertainment to his friends, among whom were Camden and Selden; when his aged mother drank to him, and ſhewed him a paper of poiſon which ſhe had deſigned, if the ſentence of puniſhment had been inflicted, to have mixed with his drink, after ſhe had firſt taken a potion of it herſelf.

Upon the acceſſion of Charles I. to the crown, he wrote a petition to that Prince, craving, that as his royal father had allowed him an annual penſion of an hundred merks, he would make them pounds. In the year 1629, Ben fell ſick, and was then poor, and lodged in an obſcure alley; his Majeſty was ſupplicated in his favour, who ſent him ten guineas. When the meſſenger delivered the ſum, Ben took it in his hand, and ſaid, "His Majeſty has ſent me ten guineas becauſe I am poor, and live in an alley; go and tell him, that his ſoul lives in an alley."

He had a penſion from the city of London, from ſeveral of the nobility and gentry, and particularly from Mr Sutton the founder of the Charter-houſe. In his laſt ſickneſs he often repented of the profanation of ſcripture in his plays. He died the 16th of Auguſt 1637, in the 63d year of his age, and was interred three days after in Weſtminſter Abbay. He had ſeveral children who ſurvived him.

Ben Johnſon conceived ſo high an opinion of Mr Drummond of Hawthornden, by the letters which paſſed between

them, that he undertook a journey into Scotland, and reſided ſome time at Mr Drummond's ſeat there, who has printed the heads of their converſation, and, as they were ſomewhat curious, theſe heads are here inſerted.

'Ben,' ſays Mr Drummond, 'was eat up with fancies; he told me, that about the time the plague raged in London, being in the country at Sir Robert Cotton's houſe with old Camden, he ſaw in a viſion his eldeſt ſon, then a young child, and at London, appear unto him, with the mark of a bloody croſs on his forehead, as if it had been cut with a ſword; at which amazed, he prayed unto God, and in the morning he came to Mr Camden's chamber to tell him, who perſuaded him it was but an apprehenſion, at which he ſhould not be dejected. In the mean time, there came letters from his wife of the death of that boy in the plague. He appeared to him, he ſaid, of a manly ſhape, and of that growth he thinks he ſhall be at the reſurrection. He ſaid, he ſpent many a night in looking at his great toe, about which he had ſeen Tartars and Turks, Romans and Carthaginians fight in his imagination.

'That he had a deſign to write an epic poem, and was to call it *Chrologia*, or the *Worthies of his Country*, all in couplets, for he deteſted all other rhime. He ſaid he had written a diſcourſe on poetry, both againſt Champion and Daniel, eſpecially the laſt, where he proves couplets to be the beſt ſort of verſes.'

Mr Drummond has repreſented the character of our Author in a very diſadvantageous, though perhaps not in a very unjuſt light. 'That he was a great lover and praiſer of himſelf; a contemner and ſcorner of others, rather chuſing to loſe a friend than a jeſt; jealous of every word and action of thoſe about him, eſpecially after drink, which was one of the elements in which he lived; a diſſembler of the parts which reigned in him; a bragger of ſome good that he wanted: he thought nothing right, but what either himſelf or ſome of his friends had either ſaid or done He was paſſionately kind and angry: careleſs either to gain or to keep; vindictive; but if he was well anſwered, greatly chagrined; interpreting the beſt ſayings and deeds often to the worſt. He was for any religion, being verſed in all; his

'inventions

'inventions were ſmooth and eaſy, but above all he ex-
'celled in tranſlation. In ſhort, he was, in his perſonal
'character, the very reverſe of Shakeſpeare, as ſurly,
'ill natured, proud and diſagreeable, as Shakeſpeare, with
'ten times his merit, was gentle, good-natured, eaſy
'and amiable.' He had a very ſtrong memory; for he tells himſelf, in his *Diſcoveries*, that he could in his youth have repeated all he had ever written, and ſo continued till he was paſt forty; and even after that, he could have repeated whole books that he had read, and poems of ſome ſelect friends, which he thought worth remembering.

Mr Pope remarks, that when Ben got poſſeſſion of the ſtage, he brought critical learning into vogue; and that this was not done without difficulty, which appears from thoſe frequent leſſons (and indeed almoſt declamations) which he was forced to prefix to his firſt plays, and put into the mouths of his actors, the *Grex*, *Chorus*, &c. to remove the prejudices, and inform the judgment of his hearers. Till then the Engliſh authors had no thoughts of writing upon the model of the ancients: their tragedies were only hiſtories in dialogue, and their comedies followed the thread of any novel, as they found it, no leſs implicitly than if it had been true hiſtory. Mr Selden, in his preface to his *Titles of Honour*, ſtiles Johnſon his beloved friend, and a ſingular poet, and extols his ſpecial worth in literature, and his accurate judgment. Mr Dryden gives him the title of the greateſt man of the laſt age, and obſerves, That if we look upon him when he was himſelf, (for his laſt plays were but his dotages), he was the moſt learned and judicious writer any theatre ever had; that he was a moſt ſevere judge of himſelf as well as others; that we cannot ſay he wanted wit, but rather that he was frugal of it; that in his works there is little to be retrenched or altered; but that humour was his chief province.

PROLOGUE.

At the Revival of

EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR.

Spoken by Mr GARRICK.

CRITICS! your favour is our Author's right—
The well-known scenes we shall present to-night
Are no weak efforts of a modern pen,
But the strong touches of immortal Ben;
A rough old bard, whose honest pride disdain'd
Applause itself, unless by merit gain'd———
And vow'd to night your loudest praise disclaim,
Shou'd his great Shade perceive the doubtful fame,
Not to his labours granted, but his name.
Boldly he wrote, and boldly told the age,
"He dar'd not prostitute the useful stage,
"Or purchase their delight at such a rate,
"As, for it, he himself must justly hate:
"But rather beg'd they would be pleas'd to see
"From him, such plays as other plays shou'd be:
"Who'd learn from him to scorn a motley scene,
"And leave their monsters, to be pleas'd with men."
Thus spoke the bard—And tho' the times are chang'd,
Since his free muse for fools the city rang'd;
And Satire had not then appear'd in state,
To lash the finer follies of the great;
Yet let not prejudice infect your mind,
Nor slight the gold, because not quite refin'd;
With no false niceness this performance view,
Nor damn for low, what's e'er is just and true:
Sure to those scenes some honour shou'd be paid,
Which Cambden *patronized, and* Shakespeare *play'd:*
Nature was nature then, and still survives;
The garb may alter, but the substance lives,
Lives in this play——where each may find complete,
His pictur'd self——Then favour the deceit——
Kindly forget the hundred years between;
Become old Britons, *and admire* old Ben.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

KITELY, a merchant.
Captain BOBADIL.
KNO'WELL, an old gentleman.
EDW. KNO'WELL, his ſon
BRAINWORM, the father's man.
Mr STEPHEN, a country gull.
DOWNRIGHT, a plain ſquire.
WELLBRED, his half-brother.
Juſtice CLEMENT, an old merry magiſtrate.
ROGER FORMAL, his clerk.
Mr MATTHEW, the town gull.
CASH, Kitely's man.
COB, a water-bearer.

Dame KITELY,
Mrs BRIDGET, ſiſter to Kitely.
TIB, Cob's wife.

SCENE, *LONDON.*

EVERY MAN

IN HIS

HUMOUR.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *A Court-yard before* KNO'WELL's *House.*

Enter KNO'WELL *and* BRAINWORM.

KNO'WELL.

A Goodly day toward! and a freſh morning!
Brainworm,
Call up your young maſter: bid him riſe, Sir.
Tell him I have ſome buſineſs to employ him.
Brain. I will, Sir, preſently.
Kno. But hear you, ſirrah,
If he be at his book, diſturb him not.
Brain Well, Sir. [*Exit.*
Kno. How happy yet ſhould I eſteem myſelf
Could I (by any practice) wean the boy
From one vain courſe of ſtudy he affects.
He is a ſcholar, if a man may truſt
The liberal voice of fame in her report,
Of good account in both our Univerſities;
Either of which hath favour'd him with graces:
But their indulgence muſt not ſpring in me
A fond opinion that he cannot err.
Myſelf was once a ſtudent, and, indeed,
Fed with the ſelf-ſame humour he is now,
Dreaming on nought but idle poetry,
That frui'leſs and unprofitable art,
Good unto none, but leaſt to the profeſſors,
Which, then, I thought the miſtreſs of all knowledge:
But ſince, Time and the Truth have wak'd my judgment,
And

And Reaſon taught me better to diſtinguiſh
The vain from th' uſeful learnings.

Enter Maſter STEPHEN.

Couſin Stephen!
What news with you, that you are here ſo early?

Steph. Nothing, but e'en come to ſee how you do, uncle.

Kno. That's kindly done, you are welcome, coz.

Steph. Ay, I know that, Sir; I would not ha' come elſe. How doth my couſin Edward, uncle?

Kno. O, well, coz, go in and ſee: I doubt he be ſcarce ſtirring yet.

Steph. Uncle, afore I go in, can you tell me an' he have e'er a book of the ſciences of hawking and hunting? I would fain borrow it.

Kno. Why, I hope you will not a-hawking now, will you?

Steph. No wuſſe; but I'll practiſe againſt the next year, uncle; I have bought me a hawk, and a hood, and bells, and all; I lack nothing but a book to keep it by.

Kno. O, moſt ridiculous!

Steph. Nay, look you now, you are angry, uncle: why, you know, an' a man have not ſkill in the hawking and hunting languages now-a-days, I'll not give a ruſh for him. They are more ſtudied than the Greek, or the Latin. He is for no gallant's company without 'em; and by gad's-lid I ſcorn it, I, ſo I do, to be a conſort for every Hum-drum, hang 'em, ſcroyls, there's nothing in 'em i' the world. What do you talk on it? Becauſe I dwell at Hogſden, I ſhall keep company with none but the archers of Finſbury? or the citizens, that come a-ducking to Iſlington ponds? A fine jeſt, 'faith! ſlid, a gentleman mun ſhow himſelf like a gentleman. Uncle, I pray you be not angry, I know what I have to do, I trow, I am no novice.

Kno. You are a prodigal abſurd coxcomb: go to.
Nay, never look at me, it's I that ſpeak.
Take't as you will, Sir, I'll not flatter you.
Ha' you not yet found means enow, to waſte
That which your friends have left you, but you muſt
Go caſt away your money on a kite,

And

And know not how to keep it when you've done?
O it's comely! this will make you a gentleman!
Well, couſin, well! I ſee you are e'en paſt hope
Of all reclaim. Ay, ſo, now you're told on it,
You look another way.

Steph. What would you ha' me do?

Kno. What would I have you do? I'll tell you, kinſman;
Learn to be wiſe, and practiſe how to thrive,
That would I have thee do: and not to ſpend
Your coin on every bawble that you fancy,
Or every fooliſh brain that humours you.
I would not have you to invade each place,
Nor thruſt yourſelf on all ſocieties,
Till mens affections, or your own deſert,
Should worthily invite you to your rank.
He that is ſo reſpectleſs in his courſes,
Oft ſells his reputation at cheap market.
Nor would I you ſhould melt away yourſelf
In flaſhing bravery, leſt while you affect
To make a blaze of gentry to the world,
A little puff of ſcorn extinguiſh it,
And you be left, like an unſavoury ſnuff,
Whoſe property is only to offend.
I'd ha' you ſober and contain yourſelf;
Not that your ſail be bigger than your boat:
But mod'rate your expences now (at firſt)
As you may keep the ſame proportion ſtill;
Nor ſtand ſo much on your gentility,
Which is an airy, and mere borrow'd thing,
From dead men's duſt and bones; and none of yours,
Except you make, or hold it. Who comes here?

Enter a SERVANT.

Serv. Save you, Gentlemen.

Steph. Nay, we do not ſtand much on our gentility, friend; yet, you are welcome; and I aſſure you, mine uncle here is a man of a thouſand a-year. Middleſex-land: he has but one ſon in all the world, I am his next heir (at the common law), Maſter Stephen, as ſimple as I ſtand here; if my couſin die (as there's hope he

will.) I have a pretty living o' my own too, beſide, hard by here.

Serv. In good time, Sir.

Steph. In good time, Sir? why, and in very good time, Sir. You do not flout, friend, do you?

Serv. Not I, Sir,

Steph. Not you, Sir? you were not beſt, Sir; an' you ſhould, here be them that perceive it, and that quickly too: go to. And they can give it again ſoundly too, an' need be.

Serv. Why, Sir, let this ſatisfy you; good faith, I had no ſuch intent.

Steph. Sir, an' I thought you had, I would talk with you, and that preſently.

Serv. Good Maſter Stephen, ſo you may, Sir, at your pleaſure.

Steph. And ſo I would, Sir, good my ſaucy companion! an' you were out o' my uncle's ground, I can tell you; though I do not ſtand upon my gentility neither in't.

Kno. Couſin! couſin! will this ne'er be left?

Steph. Whorſon, baſe fellow! a mechanical ſervingman! By this cudgel, and 'twere not for ſhame, I would——

Kno. What would you do, you peremptory gull?
If you cannot be quiet, get you hence.
You ſee the honeſt man demeans himſelf
Modeſtly to'ards you, giving no reply
To your unſeaſon'd, quarrelling, rude faſhion:
And ſtill you huff it, with a kind of carriage
As void of wit as of humanity.
Go, get you in; 'fore Heaven, I am aſham'd
Thou haſt a kinſman's intereſt in me. [*Exit* Steph.

Serv. I pray you, Sir, is this Mr Kno'well's houſe?

Kno. Yes marry is it, Sir.

Serv. I ſhould enquire for a gentleman here, one Maſter Edward Kno'well: Do you know any ſuch, Sir, I pray you?

Kno. I ſhould forget myſelf elſe, Sir.

Serv. Are you the gentleman? cry you mercy, Sir. I was required by a gentleman i' the city, as I rode out at this end of the town, to deliver you this letter, Sir.

Kno.

Kno. To me, Sir! [*To his moſt ſelected Friend, Maſter* Edward Kno'well.] What might the gentleman's name be, Sir, that ſent it?

Serv. One Maſter Wellbred, Sir.

Kno. Maſter Wellbred! a young gentleman? is he not?

Serv. The ſame, Sir; maſter Kitely married his ſiſter: the rich merchant i' the Old Jewry.

Kno. You ſay very true. Brainworm.

Enter BRAINWORM.

Brain. Sir.

Kno. Make this honeſt friend drink here: pray you go in. [*Exeunt* Brain. *and* Servant.

This letter is directed to my ſon:
Yet I am Edward Kno'well too, and may,
With the ſafe conſcience of good-manners, uſe
The fellow's error to my ſatisfaction.
Well, I will break it ope (old men are curious)
Be it but for the ſtyle's ſake, and the phraſe,
To ſee, if both do anſwer my ſon's praiſes,
Who is almoſt grown the idolater
Of this young Wellbred: what have we here? what's this?

[*The Letter.*]

Why, Ned, *I beſeech thee, haſt thou forſworn all thy friends i' the* Old Jewry? *or doſt thou think us all* Jews *that inhabit there? Leave thy vigilant father alone, to number over his green apricots, evening and morning, o' the north-weſt wall: and I had been his ſon, I had ſav'd him the labour long ſince; if, taking in all the young wenches that paſs by, at the back-door, and codling every kernel of the fruit for 'em would ha' ſerved. But pr'ythee come over to me, quickly, this morning: I have ſuch a preſent for thee (our* Turky *Company never ſent the like to the* Grand Seignior.) *One is a Rhimer, Sir, o' your own batch, your own leaven; but doth think himſelf* Poet-major *o' th' town; willing to be ſhewn, and worthy to be ſeen. The other—I will not venture his deſcription with you till you come, becauſe I would ha' you make hither with an appetite. If the worſt of 'em be not worth your journey, draw your bill of charges, as unconſcionable*

ſcionable as any Guild-hall *verdict will give it you, and you ſhall be allow'd your* Viaticum.

From the wind-mill.

From the Burdello, it might come as well;
The Spittle. Is this the man
My ſon hath ſung ſo, for the happieſt wit,
The choiceſt brain, the times hath ſent us forth?
I know not what he may be, in the arts;
Nor what in ſchools: but ſurely, for his manners,
I judge him a profane and diſſolute wretch:
Worſe, by poſſeſſion of ſuch great good gifts,
Being the maſter of ſo looſe a ſpirit.
Why, what unhallow'd ruffian would have writ,
In ſuch a ſcurrilous manner, to a friend?
Why ſhould he think I tell my apricots?
Or play th' Heſperian dragon with my fruit,
To watch it? well, my ſon. I 'ad thought,
You'd had more judgment, t' have made election
Of your companions than t'have ta'en on truſt
Such petulant, jeering gameſters, that can ſpare
No argument, or ſubject from their jeſt.
But I perceive, affection makes a fool
Of any man, too much the father. Brainworm.

Enter BRAINWORM.

Brain. Sir.

Kno. Is the fellow gone that brought this letter?

Brain. Yes, Sir, a pretty while ſince.

Kno. And where's your young maſter?

Brain. In his chamber, Sir.

Kno. He ſpake not with the fellow, did he?

Brain. No, Sir, he ſaw him not.

Kno. Take you this letter, ſeal it, and deliver it my ſon;
But with no notice that I have open'd it, on your life.

Brain. O Lord, Sir, that were a jeſt, indeed!

Kno. I am reſolv'd, I will not ſtop his journey;
Nor practiſe any violent means to ſtay
The unbridled courſe of youth in him: for that,
Reſtrain'd, grows more impatient; and, in kind,
Like to the eager, but the generous gray-hound,
Who ne'er ſo little from his game with-held,
Turns head, and leaps up at his holder's throat.

There is a way of winning, more by love,
And urging of the modeſty, than fear:
Force works on ſervile natures, not the free.
He, that's compell'd to goodneſs, may be good;
But, 'tis but for that fit: where others drawn
By ſoftneſs, and example, get a habit.
Then, if they ſtray, but warn 'em: and the ſame
They ſhould for virtue do, they'll do for ſhame.

SCENE II. Y. Kno'well's *Study*.

Enter EDWARD KNO'WELL *and* BRAINWORM.

E. Kno. Did he open it, ſay'ſt thou?

Brain. Yes, o' my word, Sir, and read the contents.

E. Kno. That's bad. What countenance (pray thee) made he i' the reading of it? was he angry, or pleas'd?

Brain. Nay, Sir, I ſaw him not read it, nor open it, I aſſure your Worſhip.

E. Kno. No? how now'ſt thou then, that he did either?

Brain. Marry, Sir, becauſe he charg'd me on my life, to tell nobody that he open'd it: which, unleſs he had done, he would never fear to have it reveal'd.

E. Kno. That's true: well, I thank thee, Brainworm.

Enter Maſter STEPHEN.

Steph. O! Brainworm, didſt thou not ſee a fellow here, in a what-ſhe-call-him doublet? he brought mine uncle a letter e'en now.

Brain. Yes, Maſter Stephen, what of him?

Steph. O! I ha' ſuch a mind to beat him—where is he? canſt thou tell?

Brain Faith, he is not of that mind: he is gone, Maſter Stephen.

Steph. Gone! which way? when went he? how long ſince?

Brain. He is rid hence. He took horſe at the ſtreet door.

Steph. And I ſtay'd i' the fields! Whorſon, Scanderbeg rogue! O that I had but a horſe to fetch him back again.

Brain Why, you may ha' my maſter's gelding, to ſave your longing, Sir.

Steph. But, I ha' no boots, that's the ſpite on't.

Brain. Why, a fine whisp of hay, roll'd hard, Master Stephen.

Steph. No, faith, it's no boot to follow him now; let him e'en go and hang. Pr'ythee, help to truss me a little. He does so vex me——

Brain. You'll be worse vex'd, when you are truss'd, Master Stephen. Best keep unbraced, and walk yourself till you be cold, your choler may founder you else.

Steph. By my faith, and so I will, now thou tell'st me on't. How dost thou like my leg, Brainworm?

Brain. A very good leg, Master Stephen; but the woollen stocking does not commend it so well.

Steph. Foh, the stockings be good enough, now summer is coming on, for the dust: I'll have a pair of silk against winter, that I go to dwell i' the town: I think my leg would shew in a silk hose.

Brain. Believe me, Master Stephen, rarely well.

Steph. In sadness, I think it would; I have a reasonable good leg.

Brain. You have an excellent good leg, Master Stephen, but I cannot stay to praise it longer now; I am very sorry for't [*Exit.*

Steph. Another time will serve, Brainworm. Gramercy, for this.

E. Kno. Ha, ha, ha!

Steph. 'Slid! I hope he laughs not at me; an' he do—

E. Kno. Here was a letter, indeed, to be intercepted by a man's father! he cannot but think most virtuously both of me and the sender, sure, that make the careful costermonger of him in our *Familiar Epistles*. I, with I knew the end of it, which now is doubtful, and threatens —— What! my wife's cousin! nay, then I'll furnish our feast with one gull more tow'rd the mess. He writes to me of a brace, and here's one, that's three: O, for a fourth. Fortune! if ever thou'lt use thine eyes, I entreat thee

Steph. O, now I see who he laughs at. He laughs at some body in that letter. By this good light, an' he had laught at me——

E. Kno. How now, cousin Stephen, melancholy?

Steph. Yes, a little I thought you had laught at me, cousin.

E. Kno.

E. Kno. Why, what an' I had, coz, what would you ha' done?

Steph. By this light, I would ha' told mine uncle.

E. Kno. Nay, if you would ha' told your uncle, I did laugh at you, coz.

Steph. Did you indeed?

E. Kno. Yes indeed.

Steph. Why then——

E. Kno. What then?

Steph. I am ſatisfied, it is ſufficient.

E. Kno. Why, be ſo, gentle coz. And I pray you let me intreat a courteſy of you. I am ſent for, this morning, by a friend i' the Old Jewry, to come to him: it's but croſſing over the fields to Moregate: will you bear me company? I proteſt it is not to draw you into bond, or any plot againſt the ſtate, coz.

Steph. Sir, that's all one, an' 'twere: you ſhall command me, twice ſo far as Moregate, to do you good, in ſuch a matter. Do you think I would leave you? I proteſt ——

E. Kno. No, no, you ſhall not proteſt, coz.

Steph. By my ſackins, but I will, by your leave; I'll proteſt more to my friend than I'll ſpeak of at this time.

E. Kno. You ſpeak very well, coz.

Steph. Nay, not ſo neither, you ſhall pardon me; but I ſpeak to ſerve my turn.

E. Kno. Your turn, coz? do you know what you ſay? A gentleman of your ſort, parts, carriage, and eſtimation, to talk o' your turn i' this company, and to me, alone, like a water bearer at a conduit! fy! A wight, that (hitherto) his every ſtep hath left the ſtamp of a great foot behind him, at every word the ſavour of a great ſpirit! and he! this man! ſo graced, ſo gilded, or (as I may ſay) ſo *tinſ'yl'd* by nature—Come, come, wrong not the quality of your deſert, with looking downward, coz; but hold up your head, ſo; and let the idea of what you are be pourtray'd i' your face, that men may read i' your phyſiognomy, *Here, within this place, is to be ſeen the true, rare, and accompliſhed monſter, or miracle of nature*, which is all one. What think you of this, coz?

Steph. Why, I do think of it; and I will be more proud, and melancholy, and gentleman-like, than I have been, I'll aſſure you.

E. Kno. Why, that's reſolute, Mr Stephen! Now, if I can but hold him up to his height, as it is happily begun, it will do well for a ſuburb humour: we may hap have a match with the city, and play him for forty pound. Come, coz.

Steph. I'll follow you.

E. Kno. Follow me! you muſt go before.

Steph. Nay, an' I muſt, I will. Pray you, ſhew me, good couſin. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The Street before* Cob's *Houſe.*

Enter Mr Matthew.

Mat. I think this be the houſe: what, hoa!

Enter Cob *from the Houſe.*

Cob. Who's there? O, Mr Matthew! gi' your Worſhip good morrow.

Mat. What, Cob! how doſt thou, good Cob? doſt thou inhabit here, Cob?

Cob Ay, Sir, I and my lineage ha' kept a poor houſe here in our days.

Mat Cob, canſt thou ſhew me of a gentleman, one Captain Bobadil, where his lodging is?

Cob. O, my gueſt, Sir, you mean?

Mat. Thy gueſt! alas! ha, ha.

Cob. Why do you laugh, Sir? Do you not mean Captain Bobadil?

Mat. Cob, 'pray thee, adviſe thyſelf well: do not wrong the gentleman and thyſelf too. I dare be ſworn he ſcorns thy houſe: he! he lodge in ſuch a baſe obſcure place as thy houſe! Tut, I know his diſpoſition ſo well, he would not lie in thy bed if thou'ldſt gi' it him.

Cob. I will not give it him, though, Sir. Maſs, I thought ſomewhat was in't we could not get him to bed all night! Well, Sir, though he lie not o' my bed, he lies o' my bench: an't pleaſe you to go up, Sir, you ſhall find him with two cuſhions under his head, and his cloke

cloke wrapped about him. as though he had neither won nor loſt; and yet (I warrant) he ne'er caſt better in his life. than he has done to-night.

Mat. Why? was he drunk?

Cob. Drunk, Sir! you hear not me ſay ſo. Perhaps he ſwallowed a tavern-token, or ſome ſuch device, Sir: I have nothing to do withal. I deal with water, and not with wine. Gi' me my bucket there, hoa. God b'w'you, Sir. It's ſix o'clock: I ſhould ha' carried two turns by this. What hoa! my ſtopple! come.

Mat. Lie in a water bearer's houſe! a gentleman of his havings! Well, I'll tell him my mind.

Cob. What, Tib, ſhew this gentleman up to the Captain. [Tib *ſhews Mr* Mat. *into the houſe.* You ſhould ha' ſome now, would take this Mr Matthew to be a gentleman at the leaſt. His father is an honeſt man, a worſhipful fiſhmonger, and ſo forth; and now does he creep and wriggle into acquaintance with all the brave gallants about the town, ſuch as my gueſt is: O, my gueſt is a fine man! he does ſwear the legibleſt of any man chriſtened: by St George,—the foot of Pharaoh,—the body of me,—as I am a gentleman,—and a ſoldier; ſuch dainty oaths! and withal, he does take this ſame filthy roguiſh tobacco, the fineſt and cleanlieſt! it would do a man good to ſee the ſame come forth out at's tonnels! Well, he owes me forty ſhillings (my wife lent him out of her purſe by ſix-pence a time) beſides his lodging: I would I had it. I ſhall ha' it, he ſays, the next action. Helter ſkelter, hang ſorrow, care'll kill a cat, up-tails all, and a louſe for the hang-man. [*Exit.*

SCENE V. *A Room in* Cob's *Houſe.*

Bobadil *diſcovered upon a Bench.* Tib *enters to him.*

Bob. Hoſteſs, hoſteſs.

Tib. What ſay you, Sir?

Bob. A cup o' thy ſmall-beer, ſweet hoſteſs.

Tib. Sir there's a gentleman below, would ſpeak with you.

Bob. A gentleman! odſ ſo, I am not within.

Tib. My huſband told him you were, Sir.

Bob. What a plague!——what meant he?

Mat. within.] Captain Bobadil!

Bob. Who's there? (take away the baſon good hoſteſs:) come up, Sir.

Tib. He would deſire you to come up, Sir. You come into a cleanly houſe here.

Enter Mr MATTHEW.

Mat. 'Save you, Sir, 'ſave you, Captain.

Bob. Gentle Mr Matthew! is it you, Sir? Pleaſe you ſit down.

Mat. Think you, good Captain, you may ſee I am ſomewhat audacious.

Bob. Not ſo, Sir. I was requeſted to ſupper, laſt night, by a ſort of gallants, where you were wiſh'd for, and drank to, I aſſure you.

Mat. Vouchſafe me by whom, good Captain.

Bob. Marry, by young Wellbred, and others: why, hoſteſs, a ſtool here for this gentleman.

Mat No haſte, Sir, 'tis very well.

Bob. Body o' me! it was ſo late ere we parted laſt night, I can ſcarce open my eyes yet: I was but new riſen as you came; how paſſes the day abroad, Sir? you can tell.

Mat Faith ſome half hour to ſeven: now, truſt me, you have an exceeding fine lodging here, very neat, and private!

Bob Ay, Sir: ſit down. I pray you, Mr Matthew, in any caſe, poſſeſs no gentlemen of our acquaintance with notice of my lodging.

Mat. Who? I, Sir? no.

Bob. Not that I need to care who know it, for the cabin is convenient; but in regard I would not be too popular and generally viſited, as ſome are.

Mat True, Captain, I conceive you.

Bob For, do you ſee, Sir, by the heart of valour in me, (except it be to ſome peculiar and choice ſpirits, to whom I am extraordinarily engaged, as yourſelf, or ſo), I could not extend thus far

Mat. O Lord, Sir, I reſolve ſo.

[*Pulls out a paper and reads.*

Bob. I confeſs I love a cleanly and quiet privacy, above all

all the tumult and roar of fortune. What new piece ha' you there? Read it

Mat. reads.] *To thee, the pureſt object of my ſenſe,*
The moſt refined eſſence heaven covers,
Send I theſe lines, wherein I do commence
The happy ſtate of turtle billing lovers.

Bob. 'Tis good, proceed, proceed. Where's this?

Mat. This, Sir? a toy o' mine own, in my nonage: the infancy of my muſes. But when will you come and ſee my ſtudy? good faith, I can ſhew you ſome very good things I have done of late——That boot becomes your leg paſſing well, Captain, methinks.

Bob. So, ſo, it's the faſhion gentlemen now uſe.

Mat. Froth, Captain, and now you ſpeak o' the faſhion, Mr Wellbred's elder brother, and I, are fall'n out exceedingly: this other day, I happen'd to enter into ſome diſcourſe of a hanger, which I aſſure you, both for faſhion and workmanſhip, was moſt peremptory-beautiful, and gentleman like: yet he condemn'd, and cry'd it down, for the moſt pied, and ridiculous that ever he ſaw.

Bob. 'Squire Downright, the half-brother; was't not?

Mat. Ay, Sir, George Downright.

Bob. Hang him, rook, he! why, he has no more judgment than a malt-horſe. By St George, I wonder you'd loſe a thought upon ſuch an animal; the moſt peremptory abſurd clown in Chriſtendom, this day, he is holden. I proteſt to you, as I am a gentleman and a ſoldier, I ne'er chang'd words with his like. By his diſcourſe he ſhould eat nothing but hay. He was born for the manger, pannier, or pack-ſaddle! He has not ſo much as a good phraſe in his belly, but all old iron and ruſty proverbs! a good commodity for ſome ſmith to make hob-nails of.

Mat. Ay, and he thinks to carry it away with his manhood ſtill, where he comes. He brags he will gi' me the baſtinado, as I hear.

Bob. How! he the baſtinado! how came he by that word, trow?

Mat. Nay, indeed, he ſaid cudgel me; I term'd it ſo, for my more grace.

Bob. That may be: for I was ſure it was none of his word. But when? when ſaid he ſo?

Mat.

Mat. Faith, yeſterday, they ſay: a young gallant, a friend of mine, told me ſo.

Bob. By the foot of Pharaoh, an' 'twere my caſe now, I ſhould ſend him a challenge preſently. The baſtinado! a moſt proper and ſufficient dependence, warranted by the great Caranza. Come hither, you ſhall challenge him. I'll ſhew you a trick or two, you ſhall kill him with, at pleaſure: the firſt ſtoccata, if you will, by this air.

Mat. Indeed you have abſolute knowledge i' the myſtery, I have heard, Sir.

Bob. Of whom? of whom ha' you heard it, I beſeech you?

Mat. Troth, I have heard it ſpoken of by divers, that you have very rare and un-in-one breath-utterable skill, Sir.

Bob. By Heaven, no, not I; no skill i' the earth: ſome ſmall rudiments i' the ſcience, as to know my time, diſtance, or ſo. I have profeſt it more for noblemen and gentlemen's uſe, than mine own practice, I aſſure you. I'll give you a leſſon. Look you, Sir, Exalt not your point above this ſtate, at any hand; ſo, Sir. Come on: O, twine your body more about, that you may fall to a more ſweet comely gentleman-like guard. So, indifferent. Hollow your body more, Sir, thus. Now, ſtand faſt o' your left leg, note your diſtance, keep your due proportion of time—Oh, you diſorder your point moſt irregularly! Come, put on your cloak, and we'll go to ſome private place, where you are acquainted, ſome tavern, or ſo—and have a bit—— ——What money ha' you about you, Mr Matthew?

Mat. Faith, I ha' not paſt a two ſhillings, or ſo.

Bob. 'Tis ſomewhat with the leaſt: but, come. We will have a bunch of raddiſhes, and ſalt, to taſte our wine; and a pipe of tobacco, to cloſe the orifice of the ſtomach; and then we'll call upon young Welibred. Perhaps we ſhall meet the Corydon, his brother, there; and put him to the queſtion. Come along, Mr Matthew. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Warehouſe, belonging to Kitely.

Enter KITELY, CASH, *and* DOWNRIGHT.

KITELY.

THOMAS, come hither:
There lies a note within, upon my deſk,
Here take my key: it is no matter, neither.
Where is the boy?

Caſh. Within, Sir, i' the Warehouſe.

Kite. Let him tell over, ſtraight, that Spaniſh gold,
And weigh it, with th' pieces of eight. Do you
See the delivery of thoſe ſilver ſtuffs
To Mr Lucar. Tell him, if he will,
He ſhall ha' the grograns at the rate I told him,
And I will meet him, on the Exchange, anon.

Caſh. Good, Sir. [*Exit.*

Kite Do you ſee that fellow, Brother Downright?

Down. Ay, what of him?

Kite. He is a jewel, brother———
I took him of a child, up, at my door,
And chriſtened him, gave him my own name, Thomas,
Since bred him, at the hoſpital; where proving
A toward imp, I call'd him home, and taught him
So much, as I have made him my caſhier;
And find him in his place ſo full of faith,
That I durſt truſt my life into his hands.

Down. So would not I in any baſtard's, brother,
As, it is like, he is, although I knew
Myſelf his father. But you ſaid you'd ſomewhat
To tell me, gentle brother, what is't? what is't?

Kite. Faith, I am very loth to utter it,
As fearing it may hurt your patience:
But, that I know your judgment is of ſtrength,
Againſt the nearneſs of affection——

Down. What need this circumſtance? pray you be direct.

Kite.

Kite. I will not ſay how much I do aſcribe
Unto your friendſhip; nor in what regard
I hold your love: but let my paſt behaviour,
And uſage of your ſiſter, but confirm
How well I've been affected to your———

Down. You are too tedious; come to the matter, the matter.

Kite. Then, without further ceremony, thus.
My brother Wellbred, Sir, (I know not how)
Of late is much declin'd in what he was,
And greatly alter'd in his diſpoſition.
When he came firſt to lodge here in my houſe,
Ne'er truſt me, if I were not proud of him:
Methought he bare himſelf in ſuch a faſhion,
So full of man, and ſweetneſs in his carriage,
And, what was chief, it ſhew'd not borrowed in him,
But all he did, became him as his own,
And ſeem'd as perfect, proper, and poſſeſt
As breath with life, or colour with the blood.
But now his courſe is ſo irregular,
So looſe, affected, and depriv'd of grace,
And he himſelf withal ſo far fall n off
From that firſt place, as ſcarce no note remains,
To tell mens judgments where he lately ſtood.
He's grown a ſtranger to all due reſpect,
Forgetful of his friends, and not content
To ſtale himſelf in all ſocieties,
He makes my houſe here, common, as a mart,
A theatre, a public receptacle,
For giddy humour, and diſeaſed riot;
And here (as in a tavern, or a ſtew)
He, and his wild aſſociates, ſpend their hours,
In repetition of laſcivious jeſts,
Swear, leap, drink, dance, and revel night by night,
Controul my ſervants: and indeed what not?

Down. 'Sdains, I know not what I ſhould ſay to him i' the whole world! he values me at a crack'd three-farthings, for ought I ſee: it will never out o' the fleſh that's bred i' the bone. I have told him enough, one would think, if that would ſerve. Well! he knows what to truſt to, for George. Let him ſpend and ſpend, and domineer, till his heart ake, an' he think to be reliev'd by

by me, when he is got into one o' your city-pounds, the counters, he has got the wrong ſow by the ear i'faith, and clapt his diſh at a wrong man's door. I'll lay my hand o' my halfpenny, ere I part with't, to fetch him out, I'll aſſure him.

Kite. Nay, good brother, let it not trouble you thus.

Down. 'Sdeath, he mads me, I could eat my very ſpur-leathers, for anger! But, why are you ſo tame? why do not you ſpeak to him, and tell him how he diſquiets your houſe?

Kite. O, there are divers reaſons to diſſuade, brother;
But, would yourſelf vouchſafe to travail in it,
(Though but with plain and eaſy circumſtance)
It would both come much better to his ſenſe,
And favour leſs of ſtomach, or of paſſion.
You are his elder brother, and that title
Both gives, and warrants you authority:
Whereas, if I ſhould intimate the leaſt,
It would but add contempt to his neglect;
Heap worſe on ill, make up a pile of hatred,
That, in the rearing, would come tott'ring down,
And, in the ruin, bury all our love
Nay, more than this, brother; if I ſhould ſpeak,
He would be ready, from his heat of humour,
And overflowing of the vapour in him,
To blow the ears of his familiars,
With the falſe breath of telling what diſgraces,
And low diſparagements I had put upon him.
Whilſt they, Sir, to relieve him, in the fable,
Make their looſe comments upon every word,
Geſture, or look I uſe; mock me all over,
And, out of their impetuous rioting phant'ſies,
Beget ſome ſlander, that ſhall dwell with me.
And what would that be, think you? marry, this:
They would give out (becauſe my wife is fair,
Myſelf but newly married, and my ſiſter
Here ſojourning a virgin in my houſe)
That I were jealous! nay, ſure as death,
That they would ſay. And how that I had quarrell'd
My brother purpoſely, thereby to find
An apt pretext to baniſh them my houſe.

Down. Maſs, perhaps ſo: they're like enough to do it.

Kite.

Kite. Brother, they would, believe it: ſo ſhould I
(Like one of theſe penurious quack-ſalvers)
But ſet the bills up to mine own diſgrace,
And try experiments upon myſelf:
Lend Scorn and Envy opportunity
To ſtab my reputation and good name.——

Enter MATTHEW *and* BOBADIL.

Mat. I will ſpeak to him——

Bob. Speak to him! away, by the foot of Pharaoh you ſhall not, you ſhall not do him that grace.

Kite. What's the matter, Sirs?

Bob. The time of day, to you, gentleman o' the houſe. Is Mr Wellbred ſtirring?

Down. How then? what ſhould he do?

Bob. Gentleman of the houſe, it is to you: is he within, Sir?

Kite. He came not to his lodging to-night, Sir, I aſſure you.

Down. Why, do you hear, you?

Bob. The gentleman-citizen hath ſatisfy'd me, I'll talk to no ſcavenger. [*Exeunt* Bob. *and* Matt.

Down. How, ſcavenger? ſtay, Sir, ſtay.

Kite. Nay, Brother Downright.

Down. 'Heart! ſtand you away, an' you love me.

Kite. You ſhall not follow him now, I pray you, brother, good faith you ſhall not: I will over-rule you.

Down. Ha! ſcavenger! well, go to, I ſay little: but by this good day (God forgive me I ſhould ſwear) if I put it up ſo, ſay I am the rankeſt coward ever liv'd: 'ſdains, an' I ſwallow this, I'll ne'er draw my ſword in the ſight of Fleet-ſtreet again, while I live; I'll ſit in a barn, with Madge-howlet, and catch mice firſt. Scavenger!

Kite. Oh, do not fret yourſelf thus, never think on't.

Down. Theſe are my brother's conſorts, theſe! theſe are his comrades, his walking mates! he's a gallant, a cavaliero too, right hangman cut! Let me not live, and I could not find in my heart to ſwinge the whole gang of 'em, one after another, and begin with him firſt. I am griev'd it ſhould be ſaid he is my brother, and take theſe courſes. Well, as he brews, ſo he ſhall drink, for George,

again. Yet he ſhall hear on't, and that tightly too, an' I live, i faith.

Kite. But, brother, let your reprehenſion then
Run in an eaſy current, not o'er-high
Carried with raſhneſs, or devouring choler;
But rather uſe the ſoft perſuading way,
More winning, than enforcing the conſent.

Down. Ay, ay, let me alone for that, I warrant you.
[*Bell rings.*

Kite. How now? oh, the bell rings to breakfaſt.
Brother, I pray you go in, and bear my wife
Company till I come; I'll but give order
For ſome diſpatch of buſineſs to my ſervant——

Down. I will——Scavenger, ſcavenger!——
[*Exit* Down.

Kite. Well, tho' my troubled ſpirit's ſomewhat eas'd,
It is not repos'd in that ſecurity
As I could wiſh: but I muſt be content.
Howe'er I ſet a face on't to the world,
Would I had loſt this finger at a venture,
So Wellbred had ne'er lodg'd within my houſe.
Why, 't cannot be, where there is ſuch reſort
Of wanton gallants, and young revellers,
That any woman ſhould be honeſt long.
Is't like, that factious beauty will preſerve
The public weal of chaſtity unbroken.
When ſuch ſtrong motives muſter, and make head
Againſt her ſingle peace? no, no. Beware.
When mutual appetite doth meet to treat,
And ſpirits of one kind and quality,
Come once to parly, in the pride of blood;
It is no ſlow conſpiracy that follows.
Well, to be plain, if I but thought the time
Had answer'd their affections all the world
Should not perſuade me but I were a cuckold!
Marry, I hope they ha' not got that ſtart;
For opportunity hath back'd 'em yet,
And ſhall do ſtill, while I have eyes and ears
To attend the impoſitions of my heart.
My preſence ſhall be as an iron bar.
'Twixt the conspiring motions of deſire;
Yea, every look or glance mine eye ejects,

Shall check occaſion, as one doth his ſlave,
When he forgets the limits of preſcription.

Enter Dame KITELY.

Dame. Siſter Bridget, pray you fetch down the roſe-water above in the cloſet. Sweetheart, will you come in to breakfaſt?

Kite. An' ſhe have over-heard me now?

Dame. I pray thee, good Muſs, we ſtay for you.

Kite By Heaven I would not for a thouſand angels.

Dame. What ail you, ſweetheart, are you not well? ſpeak, good Muſs.

Kite. Troth my head akes extremely, on a ſudden.

Dame. Oh, the Lord!

Kite. How now? what?

Dame. Alas, how it burnt! Muſs, keep you warm, good truth it is this new diſeaſe! there's a number are troubled withal! for love's ſake, ſweetheart, come in, out of the air.

Kite. How ſimple, and how ſubtle are her anſwers!
A new diſeaſe, and many troubled with it!
Why, true; ſhe heard me, all the world to nothing.

Dame. I pray thee, good ſweetheart, come in; the air will do you harm in troth.

Kite. I'll come to you preſently; 'twill away, I hope.

Dame. Pray Heaven it do. [*Exit* Dame.

Kite. A new diſeaſe? I know not, new or old,
But it may well be call'd poor mortals plague:
For, like a peſtilence, it doth infect
The houſes of the brain. Firſt, it begins
Solely to work upon the phantaſy,
Filling her ſeat with ſuch peſtiferous air,
As ſoon corrupts the judgment, and from thence
Sends like contagion to the memory;
Still each to other giving the infection,
Which as a ſubtle vapour ſpreads itſelf,
Confuſedly through every ſenſive part,
Till not a thought or motion in the mind,
Be free from the black poiſon of ſuſpect.
Ah, but what miſery it is to know this!
Or, knowing it, to want the mind's direction,
In ſuch extremes! Well, I will once more ſtrive,

[In

(In ſpite of this black cloud) myſelf to be,
And ſhake the fever off, that thus ſhakes me. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Moor-Fields.

Enter BRAINWORM, *diſguis'd like a Soldier.*

Brain. 'Slid, I cannot chuſe but laugh to ſee myſelf tranſlated thus. Now muſt I create an intolerable ſort of lies, or my preſent profeſſion loſes the grace; and yet the lie to a man of my coat, is as ominous a fruit as the *fico*. O, Sir, it holds for good polity ever to have that outwardly in vileſt eſtimation, that inwardly is moſt dear to us. So much for my borrow'd ſhape. Well, the truth is, my old maſter intends to follow my young dry foot over Moor-fields, to London this morning: now I, knowing of this hunting-match, or rather conſpiracy, and to inſinuate with my young maſter (for ſo muſt we that are blue-waiters, and men of hope and ſervice do) have got me afore in this diſguiſe, determining here to lie in ambuſcade, and intercept him in the midway. If I can but get his cloak, his purſe, his hat, nay, any thing to cut him off, that is, to ſtay his journey—*Veni, vidi, vici*, I may ſay with Captain Cæſar, I am made for ever, i'faith. Well, now muſt I practiſe to get the true garb of one of theſe lance knights my arm here, and my——young Maſter! and his couſin, Mr Stephen, as I am a true counterfeit man of war, and no ſoldier! [*Retires.*

Enter E. KNO'WELL *and Mr* STEPHEN.

E. Kno. So, Sir, and how then, Coz?

Steph. 'Sfoot, I have loſt my purſe, I think.

E. Kno. How? loſt your purſe? where? when had you it?

Steph. I cannot tell; ſtay.

Brain. 'Slid, I am afraid they will know me; would I could get by them.

E. Kno. What, ha' you it?

Steph. No. I think I was bewitched, I——

E. Kno. Nay, do not weep the loſs, hang it, let it go.

Steph. Oh, it's here: no, an' it had been loſt, I had not car'd, but for a jet ring Miſtreſs Mary ſent me.

E. Kno. A jet-ring! oh the poſy, the poſy?

Steph. Fine, i'faith! *Though fancy ſleep, my love is deep;* meaning, that though I did not fancy her, yet ſhe loved me dearly.

E. Kno. Moſt excellent!

Steph. And then, I ſent her another, and my poſy was, *The deeper the ſweeter, I'll be judg'd by St Peter.*

E. Kno. How, by St Peter? I do not conceive that.

Steph. Marry, St Peter, to make up the metre.

E. Kno. Well, there the ſaint was your good patron, he help'd you at your need: thank him, thank him.

Brain. I cannot take leave on 'em ſo; I will venture, come what will. Gentlemen, pleaſe you change a few crowns, for a very excellent good blade here? I am a poor gentleman, a ſoldier, one that, in the better ſtate of my fortunes, ſcorn'd ſo mean a refuge, but now it is the humour of neceſſity to have it ſo. You ſeem to be gentlemen, well affected to martial men, elſe I ſhould rather die with ſilence, than live with ſhame: however vouchſafe to remember, it is my want ſpeaks, not myſelf. This condition agrees not with my ſpirit.———

E. Kno. Where haſt thou ſerved?

Brain. May it pleaſe you, Sir, in all the late wars of Bohemia, Hungaria, Dalmatia, Poland, where not, Sir? I have been a poor ſervitor by ſea and land, any time this fourteen years, and followed the fortunes of the beſt commanders in Chriſtendom. I was twice ſhot at the taking of Aleppo, once at the relief of Vienna; I have been at Marſeilles, Naples, and the Adriatick gulf, a gentleman-ſlave in the gallies thrice, where I was moſt dangerouſly ſhot in the head, through both the thighs, and yet, being thus maim'd, I am void of maintenance, nothing left me but my ſcars, the noted marks of my reſolution.

Steph. How will you ſell this rapier, friend?

Brain. Generous Sir, I refer it to your own judgment; you are a gentleman, give me what you pleaſe.

Steph. True, I am a gentleman, I know that, friend: but what though? I pray you ſay, what would you aſk?

Brain. I aſſure you the blade may become the ſide or thigh of the beſt prince in Europe.

E. Kno.

E. Kno. Ay, with a velvet ſcabbard.

Steph. Nay, and't be mine, it ſhall have a velvet ſcabbard. coz, that's flat: I'd not wear it as 'tis, and you would give me an angel.

Brain. At your Worſhip's pleaſure, Sir; nay, 'tis a moſt pure Toledo.

Steph. I had rather it were a Spaniard! but tell me, what ſhall I give you for it? An it had a ſilver hilt—

E. Kno. Come, come, you ſhall not buy it; hold, there's a ſhilling, fellow, take thy rapier

Steph. Why, but I will buy it now, becauſe you ſay ſo; and there's another ſhilling, fellow, I ſcorn to be outbidden. What, ſhall I walk with a cudgel, like a higginbottom, and may have a rapier for money?

E. Kno. You may buy one in the city

Steph. Tut, I'll buy this i' the field, ſo I will: I have a mind to't becauſe 'tis a field rapier. Tell me your loweſt price.

E. Kno. You ſhall not buy it, I ſay.

Steph. By this money but I will, though I give more than 'tis worth

E. Kno Come away, you are a fool.

Steph. Friend, I am a fool, that's granted: but I'll have it for that word's ſake. Follow me for your money.

Brain. At your ſervice, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

Enter KNO'WELL.

Kno. I cannot loſe the thought yet of this letter
Sent to my ſon; nor leave to admire the change
Of manners, and the breeding of our youth
Within the kingdom, ſince myſelf was one.
When I was young, he liv'd not in the ſtews
Durſt have conceiv'd a ſcorn, and utter'd it
On a grey head: age was authority
Againſt a buffoon: and a man had then
A certain reverence paid unto his years,
That had none due unto his life.
But now we are all fall'n; youth, from their fear;
And age, from that which bred it, good example.
Nay, would ourſelves were not the firſt, even parents,
That did deſtroy the hopes, in our own children;

Or they not learn'd our vices in the cradles,
And ſuck'd in our ill cuſtoms with their milk.
Ere all their teeth be born, or they can ſpeak,
We make their palates cunning! The firſt words
We form their tongues with, are licentious jeſts.
Can it call whore? cry baſtard? O, then kiſs it,
A witty child! Can't ſwear? the father's darling!
Give it two plumbs Nay, rather than't ſhall learn
No bawdy ſong, the mother herſelf will teach it!
But this is in the infancy;
When it puts on the breeches
It will put off all this. Ay, it is like;
When it is gone into the bone already.
No, no: this dye goes deeper than the coat,
Or ſhirt, or ſkin. It ſtains unto the liver
And heart in ſome. And rather than it ſhould not,
Note what we fathers do! look how we live!
What miſtreſſes we keep! at what expence,
And teach 'em all bad ways to buy affliction!
Well, I thank Heaven, I never yet was he
That travell'd with my ſon before ſixteen,
To ſhew him the Venetian courtezans,
Nor read the grammar of cheating, I had made
To my ſharp boy at twelve: repeating ſtill
The rule, *Get money; ſtill get money, boy;*
No matter by what means
Thoſe are the trade of fathers now! however,
My ſon, I hope, hath met within my threſhold
None of theſe houſhold precedents; which are ſtrong,
And ſwift to rape youth to their precipice.
But let the houſe at home be ne'er ſo clean
Swept, or kept ſweet from filth!
If he will live abroad with his companions,
In dung, and brothels; it is worth a fear,
Nor is the danger of converſing leſs
Than all that I have mention'd of example.

Enter BRAINWORM.

Brain. My maſter! nay faith, have at you: I am fleſh'd now. I have ſped ſo well. Worſhipful Sir, I beſeech you reſpect the ſtate of a poor ſoldier; I a-

ſham'd

ſham'd of this baſe courſe of life (God's my comfort) but extremity provokes me to't: what remedy?

Kno. I have not for you now.

Brain. By the faith I bear unto truth, Gentleman, it is no ordinary cuſtom in me, but only to preſerve manhood. I proteſt to you, a man I have been, a man I may be by your ſweet bounty.

Kno. Pr'ythee, good friend, be ſatisfied.

Brain. Good Sir, by that hand, you may do the part of a kind gentleman, in lending a poor ſoldier the price of two cans of beer, a matter of ſmall value, the King of Heaven ſhall pay you, and I ſhall reſt thankful: ſweet worſhip———

Kno. Nay, an' you be ſo importunate——

Brain. Oh, tender Sir, need will have his courſe: I was not made to this vile uſe! well, the edge of the enemy could not have abated me ſo much: [*He weeps.*] It's hard, when a man hath ſerved in his prince's cauſe, and be thus——Honourable worſhip, let me derive a ſmall piece of ſilver from you, it ſhall not be given in the courſe of time; by this good ground, I was fain to pawn my rapier laſt night for a poor ſupper: I had ſuck'd the hilts long before, I am a pagan elſe; ſweet honour!

Kno. Believe me, I am taken with ſome wonder,
To think a fellow of thy outward preſence
Should in the frame and faſhion of his mind
Be ſo degenerate, and ſordid-baſe!
Art thou a man, and ſham'ſt thou not to beg?
To practiſe ſuch a ſervile kind of life?
Why, were thy education ne'er ſo mean,
Having thy limbs, a thouſand fairer courſes
Offer themſelves to thy election.
Either the wars might ſtill ſupply thy wants,
Or ſervice of ſome virtuous gentleman,
Or honeſt labour: nay, what can I name
But would become thee better than to beg?
But men of thy condition feed on ſloth,
As doth the beetle on the dung ſhe breeds in,
Not caring how the metal of your minds
Is eaten with the ruſt of idleneſs.
Now, afore me, whate'er he be that ſhould

Relieve

Relieve a perſon of thy quality,
While thou inſiſts in this looſe deſperate courſe,
I would eſteem the ſin not thine, but his.

Brain. Faith, Sir, I would gladly find ſome other courſe, if ſo———

Kno. Ay, you'ld gladly find it, but you will not ſeek it.

Brain. Alas! Sir, where ſhould a man ſeek? in the wars, there's no aſcent by deſert in theſe days, but—and for ſervice, would it were as ſoon purchas'd as wiſh'd for (the air's my comfort) I know what I would ſay—

Kno. What's thy name?

Brain. Pleaſe you, Fitzſword, Sir.

Kno. Fitzſword?
Say that a man ſhould entertain thee now,
Would'ſt thou be honeſt, humble, juſt, and true?

Brain. Sir, by the place and honour of a ſoldier—

Kno. Nay, nay, I like not thoſe affected oaths;
Speak plainly, man: what think'ſt thou of my words?

Brain. Nothing, Sir, but wiſh my fortunes were as happy, as my ſervice ſhould be honeſt.

Kno. Well, follow me; I'll prove thee, if thy deeds will carry a proportion to thy words.

Brain. Yes, Sir, ſtraight; I'll but garter my hoſe. Oh that my belly were hoop'd now, for I am ready to burſt with laughing! never was bottle or bagpipe fuller. S'lid! was there ever ſeen a fox in years to betray himſelf thus? now ſhall I be poſſeſſed of all his counſels; and, by that conduit, my young maſter. Well, he is reſolv'd to prove my honeſty; faith and I am reſolv'd to prove his patience: Oh, I ſhall abuſe him intolerably. This ſmall piece of ſervice will bring him clean out of love with the ſoldier for ever. He will never come within the ſight of a red coat, or a muſket-reſt again. It's no matter, let the world think me a bad counterfeit, if I cannot give him the ſlip at an inſtant: why, this is better than to have ſtaid his journey! well, I'll follow him: Oh! how I long to be employed! [*Exit.*

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

Stocks-market.

Enter MATTHEW, WELLBRED, *and* BOBADIL.

MATTHEW.

YES, faith, Sir; we were at your lodging to ſeek you too.

Well. Oh, I came not there to night.

Bob. Your brother delivered us as much.

Well. Who? my brother Downright?

Bob. He. Mr Wellbred, I know not in what kind you hold me; but let me ſay to you this: as ſure as honour, I eſteem it ſo much out of the ſun-ſhine of reputation to throw the leaſt beam of regard upon ſuch a———

Well. Sir, I muſt hear no ill words of my brother.

Bob I proteſt to you, as I have a thing to be ſaved about me, I never ſaw any gentleman-like part——

Well. Good captain [*faces about*] to ſome other diſcourſe.

Bob. With your leave, Sir, an' there were no more men living upon the face of the earth, I ſhould not fancy him, by St George.

Mat. Troth, nor I; he is of a ruſtical cut. I know not how: he doth not carry himſelf like a gentleman of faſhion——

Well. Oh, Mr Matthew, that's a grace peculiar but to a few, *quos æquus amavit Jupiter.*

Mat. I underſtand you, Sir.

Enter Young KNO'WELL *and* STEPHEN.

Well. No queſtion you do, or you do not, Sir. Ned Kno'well! by my ſoul, welcome! how doſt thou, ſweet ſpirit, my genius? 'Slid, I ſhall love Apollo and the mad Theſpian girls the better while I live, for this, my dear fury: now I ſee there's ſome love in thee! ſirrah, theſe be the two I writ to thee of Nay, what a drowſy humour is this now? why doſt thou not ſpeak?

E. Kno.

E. Kno. Oh, you are a fine gallant, you ſent me a rare letter.

Well. Why, was't not rare?

E. Kno. Yes, I'll be ſworn, I was never guilty of reading the like; match it in all Pliny's Epiſtles, and I'll have my judgment burn'd in the ear for a rogue; make much of thy vein, for it is inimitable. But I marvel what camel it is that had the carriage of it; for doubtleſs he was no ordinary beaſt that brought it!

Well. Why?

E. Kno. Why, ſayeſt thou? why doſt thou think that any reaſonable creature, eſpecially in the morning (the ſober time of the day too) could have miſtaken my father for me?

Well. 'Slid, you jeſt, I hope.

E. Kno. Indeed, the beſt uſe we can turn it to, is to make a jeſt on't now: but I'll aſſure you, my father had the full view o' your flouriſhing ſtyle, before I ſaw it.

Well. What a dull ſlave was this! but, ſirrah, what ſaid he to it, i'faith?

E. Kno. Nay, I know not what he ſaid: but I have a ſhrewd gueſs what he thought.

Well. What, what?

E. Kno. Marry, that thou art ſome ſtrange, diſſolute young fellow, and I not a grain or two better, for keeping thee company.

Well. Tut, that thought is like the moon in her laſt quarter, 'twill change ſhortly: but, ſirrah, I pray thee be acquainted with my two hangbys here; thou wilt take exceeding pleaſure in 'em if thou hear'ſt 'em once go: my wind-inſtruments, I'll wind 'em up.——But what ſtrange piece of ſilence is this? the ſign of the dumb man?

E. Kno. Oh, Sir, a kinſman of mine, one that may make your muſic the fuller, an' he pleaſe; he has his humour, Sir.

Well. Oh, what is't, what is't?

E. Kno. Nay, I'll neither do your judgment nor his folly that wrong, as to prepare your apprehenſion. I'll leave him to the mercy o' your ſearch, if you can take him, ſo.

Well. Well, Captain Bobadil, Mr Matthew, I pray you

you know this gentleman here; he is a friend of mine, and one that will deſerve your affection I know not your name, Sir, but I ſhall be glad of any occaſion to render me more familiar to you.

Steph My name is Mr Stephen, Sir; I am this gentleman's own couſin, Sir, his father is mine uncle, Sir; I am ſomewhat melancholy, but you ſhall command me, Sir, in whatſoever is incident to a gentleman.

Bob. Sir, I muſt tell you this, I am no general man, but for Mr Wellbred's ſake (you may embrace it at what height of favour you pleaſe) I do communicate with you; and conceive you to be a gentleman of ſome parts: I love few words.

E. Kno. And I fewer, Sir. I have ſcarce enow to thank you.

Mat. But are you indeed, Sir, ſo given to it? [*To Mr* Stephen.

Steph. Ay, truly, Sir, I am mightily given to melancholy.

Mat. Oh, it's your only fine humour, Sir; your true melancholy breeds your perfect fine wit, Sir: I am melancholy myſelf divers times, Sir; and then do I no more but take pen and paper preſently, and overflow you half a ſcore or a dozen of ſonnets, at a ſitting.

Steph. Couſin, is it well? am I melancholy enough?

E. Kno. Oh, ay, excellent!

Well. Captain Bobadil, why muſe you ſo?

E. Kno. He is melancholy too.

Bob. Faith, Sir, I was thinking of a moſt honourable piece of ſervice was perform'd to morrow, being St Mark's day, ſhall be ſome ten years now.

E. Kno. In what place, Captain?

Bob. Why, at the beleag'ring of Strigonium, where, in leſs than two hours, ſeven hundred reſolute gentlemen, as any were in Europe, loſt their lives upon the breach. I'll tell you, Gentlemen, it was the firſt, but the beſt leagure, that ever I beheld with theſe eyes, except the taking in of———what do you call it, laſt year, by the Genoeſe; but that (of all other) was the moſt fatal and dangerous exploit that ever I was ranged in, ſince I firſt bore arms before the face of the enemy, as I am a gentleman and ſoldier.

Steph.

Steph. 'So, I had as lief as an angel, I could ſwear as well as that gentleman!

E. Kno. Then you were a ſervitor at both it ſeems; at Strigonium? and what do you call't?

Bob. Oh Lord, Sir! by St George, I was the firſt man that enter'd the breach: and, had I not effected it with reſolution, I had been ſlain, if I had had a million of lives.

E. Kno. 'Twas pity you had not ten; a cat's, and your own, i'faith. But, was it poſſible?

Mat. Pray you, mark this diſcourſe, Sir.

Steph. So I do.

Bob I aſſure you, upon my reputation, 'tis true; and yourſelf ſhall confeſs.

E. Kno. You muſt bring me to the rack firſt.

Bob Obſerve me judicially, ſweet Sir, they had planted me three demi culverings, juſt in the mouth of the breach: now, Sir, as we were to give out, their maſter gunner (a man of no mean ſkill and mark, you muſt think) confronts me with his linſtock, ready to give fire; I ſpying his intendment, diſcharg'd my petrionel in his boſom, and with theſe ſingle arms, my poor rapier, ran violently upon the Moors that guarded the ordnance, and put 'em all pell-mell to the ſword.

Well To the ſword! to the rapier, Captain.

E. Kno. Oh, it was a good figure obſerv'd, Sir: but did you all this, Captain, without hurting your blade?

Bob Without any impeach o' the edge: you ſhall perceive, Sir. It is the moſt fortunate weapon that ever rid on poor gentleman's thigh: ſhall I tell you, Sir? you talk of Morglay, Excalibar, Durindina, or ſo? tut, I lend no credit to that is fabled of 'em, I know the virtue of mine own, and therefore I dare the boldlier maintain it.

Steph. I Marvel whether it be a Toledo, or no?

Bob. A moſt perfect Toledo, I aſſure you, Sir.

Steph. I have a countryman of his here.

Mat. Pray you, let's ſee. Sir: yes, faith it is!

Bob. This a Toledo? pish.

Steph. Why do you ſith, Captain?

Bob. A Fleming, by Heav'n! I'll buy them for a gilder a piece, an' I would have a thouſand of them.

E. Kno. How ſay you, Coſin? I told you thus much.

Well. Where bought you it, Mr Stephen?

Steph. Of a ſcurvy rogue ſoldier; (a hundred of lice go with him), he ſwore it was a Toledo.

Bob. A poor Provant rapier, no better.

Mat. Maſs, I think it be, indeed! now I look on't better.

E. Kno. Nay, the longer you look on't the worſe. Put it up, put it up

Steph. Well, I will put it up, but by——(I ha' forgot the Captain's oath, I thought to have ſworn by it), an' e'er I meet him——

Well. O, 'tis paſt help now, Sir, you muſt ha' patience.

Steph. Whoreſon, cony-catching raſcal! I could eat the very hilts for anger!

E. Kno. A ſign of good digeſtion! you have an oſtrich ſtomach, Couſin.

Steph. A ſtomach! I would I had him here, you ſhould ſee an' I had a ſtomach.

Well. It's better as 'tis: come, Gentlemen, ſhall we go?

Enter BRAINWORM.

E. Kno. A miracle, Couſin, look here! look here!

Steph. O, God'ſlid, by your leave, do you know me, Sir?

Brain. Ay, Sir, I know you by ſight.

Steph. You ſold me a rapier, did you not?

Brain. Yes, marry, did I, Sir.

Steph. You ſaid it was a Toledo, ha!

Brain. True, I did ſo.

Steph. But it is none.

Brain. No, Sir, I confeſs it is none.

Steph. Do you confeſs it? Gentlemen, bear witneſs, he has confeſs'd it. By God's will, an' you had not confeſs'd it——

E. Kno. Oh, Couſin, forbear, forbear.

Steph. Nay, I have done, Couſin.

Well. Why, you have done like a gentleman: he has confeſs'd it: what would you more?

Steph. Yet, by his leave, he is a raſcal, under his favour, do you ſee.

E. Kno. Ay, by his leave, he is, and under favour: a pretty piece of civility! Sirrah, how doſt like him?

Well. Oh, it's a moſt precious fool, make much on him: I can compare him to nothing more happily, than a drum; for every one may play upon him.

E. Kno. No, no, a child's whiſtle were far the fitter.

Brain. Sir, ſhall I intreat a word with you?

E. Kno. With me, Sir? You have not another Toledo to ſell, ha' you?

Brain. You are conceited, Sir; your name is Mr Kno'well, as I take it?

E. Kno You are i' the right: you mean not to proceed in the catechiſm, do you?

Brain. No, Sir, I am none of that coat.

E. Kno. Of as bare a coat, though; well, ſay, Sir.

Brain. Faith, Sir, I am but ſervant to the drum extraordinary, and, indeed, (this ſmoky varniſh being waſh'd off, and three or four patches removed), I appear your Worſhip's in reverſion, after the deceaſe of your good father; Brainworm.

E. Kno. Brainworm! 'Slight, what breath of a conjurer hath blown thee hither in this ſhape!

Brain. The breath of your letter, Sir, this morning: the ſame that blew you to the Wind-mill, and your father after you.

E. Kno. My father!

Brain. Nay, never ſtart, 'tis true, he has followed you over the fields, by the foot, as you would do a hare i' the ſnow.

E. Kno. Sirrah, Wellbred, what ſhall we do, Sirrah? my father is come over after me.

Well. Thy father! where is he?

Brain At Juſtice Clement's houſe here, in Coleman-ſtreet, where he but ſtays my return; and then——

Well. Who's this? Brainworm?

Brain. The ſame, Sir.

Well. Why, how, in the name of wit, com'ſt thou tranſmuted thus?

Brain. Faith, a device, a device: nay, for the love of reaſon, Gentlemen, and avoiding the danger, ſtand not here, withdraw, and I'll tell you all.

E. Kno. Come, Couſin. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

The Warehouſe.

Enter KITELY *and* CASH.

Kite. What ſays he, Thomas? Did you ſpeak with him?

Caſh. He will expect you, Sir, within this half hour.

Kite. Has he the money ready, can you tell?

Caſh Yes, Sir, the money was brought in laſt night.

Kite O, that's well: fetch me my cloak, my cloak.
Stay, let me ſee, an hour to go and come;
Ay, that will be the leaſt; and then 'twill be
An hour before I can diſpatch with him;
Or very near: well, I will ſay two hours.
Two hours? ha! things never dream'd of yet,
May be contriv'd, ay, and effected too,
In two hours abſence well, I will not go.
Two hours? no fleering opportunity,
I will not give your ſubtilty that ſcope
Who will not judge him worthy to be robb'd
That ſets his doors wide open to a thief,
And ſhews the felon where his treaſure lies?
Again, what earthly ſpirit but will attempt
To taſte the fruit of Beauty's golden tree,
When leaden ſleep ſeals up the dragon's eyes?
I will not go. Buſineſs, go by, for once.
No, beauty, no; you are too precious,
To be left ſo, without a guard, or open!
You muſt be then kept up, cloſe, and well watch'd;
For, give you opportunity, no quick ſand
Devours, or ſwallows ſwifter! He that lends
His wife (if ſhe be fair) or time, or place,
Compels her to be falſe I will not go;
The dangers are too many. I am reſolv'd for that.
Carry in my cloak again. Yet, ſtay. Yet, do too.
I will defer going, on all occaſions.

Caſh. Sir, Snare, your ſcrivener, will be there with the bonds.

Kite. That's true! fool on me! I had clean forgot it;
I muſt go. What's o'clock?

Caſh. Exchange time, Sir.

Kite. 'Heart! then will Wellbred preſently be here too,
With one or other of his looſe conſorts.
I am a knave, if I know what to ſay,
What courſe to take, or which way to reſolve.
My brain, methinks, is like an hour glaſs,
Wherein my imaginations run, like ſands,
Filling up time; but then are turn'd, and turn'd:
So that I know not what to ſtay upon,
And leſs, to put in act. It ſhall be ſo.
Nay, I dare build upon his ſecrecy,
He knows not to deceive me. Thomas?

Caſh. Sir.

Kite. Yet now, I have bethought too, I will not ——
Thomas, is Cob within?

Caſh. I think he be, Sir.

Kite. But he'll prate too, there's no ſpeech of him.
No, there were no man o' the earth to Thomas,
If I durſt truſt him; there is all the doubt.
But ſhould he have a chink in him, I were gone,
Loſt i' my fame for ever; talk for th' Exchange.
The manner he hath ſtood with, till this preſent,
Doth promiſe no ſuch change! what ſhould I fear then?
Well, come what will, I'll tempt my fortune once.
Thomas——you may deceive me, but I hope——
Your love to me is more——

Caſh. Sir, if a ſervant's
Duty, with faith, may be call'd love, you are
More than in hope, you are poſſeſs'd of it.

Kite. I thank you heartily, Thomas; gi' me your hand:
With all my heart, good Thomas. I have, Thomas,
A ſecret to impart unto you——but
When once you have it, I muſt ſeal your lips up:
So far I tell you, Thomas.

Caſh. Sir, for that——

Kite. Nay, hear me out. Think I eſteem you, Thomas,
When I will let you in thus to my private.
It is a thing ſits nearer to my creſt
Than thou art aware of, Thomas. If thou ſhould'ſt
Reveal it, but——

Caſh.

Caſh. How? I reveal it?
Kite. Nay,
I do not think thou would'ſt; but if thou ſhould'ſt,
'Twere a great weakneſs.
Caſh. A great treachery.
Give it no other name.
Kite. Thou wilt not do't then?
Caſh. Sir, if I do, mankind diſclaim me ever.
Kite. He will not ſwear, he has ſome reſervation,
Some conceal'd purpoſe, and cloſe meaning, ſure:
Elſe (being urg'd ſo much) how ſhould he chuſe
But lend an oath to all this proteſtation?
He's no fanatic, I have heard him ſwear.
What ſhould I think of it? urge him again,
And by ſome other way? I will do ſo.
Well, Thomas, thou haſt ſworn not to diſcloſe;
Yes, you did ſwear?
Caſh. Not yet, Sir; but I will,
Pleaſe you——
Kite. No, Thomas, I dare take thy word,
But if thou wilt ſwear, do as thou think'ſt good;
I am reſolv'd without it; at thy pleaſure.
Caſh. By my ſoul's ſafety then, Sir, I proteſt,
My tongue ſhall ne'er take knowledge of a word
Deliver'd me in nature of your truſt.
Kite. It's too much, theſe ceremonies need not;
I know thy faith to be as firm as rock.
Thomas, come hither, near: we cannot be
Too private in this buſineſs. So it is.
(Now he has ſworn, I dare the ſafelier venture)
I have of late, by divers obſervations——
But whether his oath can bind him, there it is.
I will bethink me ere I do proceed:——
Thomas, it will be now too long to ſtay;
I'll ſpy ſome fitter time ſoon, or to-morrow.
Caſh. Sir, at your pleaſure.
Kite. I will think. Give me my cloak. And, Thomas,
I pray you ſearch the books 'gainſt my return,
For the receipts 'twixt me and Traps.
Caſh. I will, Sir.
Kite. And hear you, if your miſtreſs's brother, Well-bred,

Chance to bring hither any gentlemen,
Ere I come back; let one ſtraight bring me word.
Caſh. Very well, Sir.
Kite. To the Exchange do you hear?
Or here in Coleman ſtreet, to Juſtice Clement's.
Forget it not, nor be out of the way.
Caſh. I will not, Sir.
Kite. I pray you have a care on't.
Or whether he come or no, if any other,
Stranger, or elſe, fail not to ſend me word.
Caſh. I ſhall not, Sir.
Kite. Be't your ſpecial buſineſs
Now to remember it.
Caſh. Sir, I warrant you.
Kite. But, Thomas, this is not the ſecret, Thomas,
I told you of.
Caſh. No, Sir. I do ſuppoſe it.
Kite. Believe me it is not.
Caſh. Sir, I do believe you.
Kite. By Heaven! it is not; that's enough. But, Thomas,
I would not you ſhould utter it, do you ſee,
To any creature living; yet I care not.
Well, I muſt hence. Thomas, conceive thus much;
It was a trial of you, when I meant
So deep a ſecret to you, I mean not this,
But that I have to tell you; this is nothing, this,
But, Thomas, keep this from my wife. I charge you,
Lock'd up in ſilence, midnight, buried here.
No greater hell than to be ſlave to fear. [*Exit.*
Caſh Lock'd up in ſilence, midnight, buried here!
Whence ſhould this flood of paſſion, trow, take head? ha!
Beſt dream no longer of this running humour,
For fear I ſink! the violence of the ſtream
Already hath tranſported me ſo far,
That I can feel no ground at all! But ſoft,
Here is company; now muſt I

Enter Wellbred, Edw Kno'well, Brainworm, Bobadil, Stephen.

Well. Beſhrew me, but it was an abſolute good jeſt, and exceedingly well carried!

E. Kno.

E. Kno. Ay, and our ignorance maintained it as well, did it not?

Well. Yes, faith! but was't poſſible thou ſhould'ſt not know him? I forgive Mr Stephen, for he is ſtupidity itſelf.

E. Kno. 'Fore Heaven, not I. He had ſo writhen himſelf into the habit of one of your poor infantry, your decay'd, ruinous, worm eaten gentlemen of the round.

Well. Why, Brainworm, who would have thought thou hadſt been ſuch an artificer?

E. Kno. An artificer? an architect! except a man had ſtudied begging all his life time and been a weaver of language from his infancy, for the clothing of it! I never ſaw his rival.

Well. Where got'ſt thou this coat, I marvel?

Brain. Of a Houndſditch man, Sir, one of the devil's near kinſmen, a broker.

Enter CASH.

Caſh. Francis! Martin! ne'er a one to be found now? What a ſpite's this!

Well. How now, Thomas, is my brother Kitely within?

Caſh. No, Sir; my maſter went forth e'en now; but Mr Downright is within. Cob! what, Cob! is he gone too?

Well. Whether went your maſter, Thomas? canſt thou tell?

Caſh. I know not: to Juſtice Clement's, I think, Sir. Cob! [*Exit* Caſh.

E. Kno. Juſtice Clement? what's he?

Well. Why, doſt thou not know him? He is a city magiſtrate, a juſtice here; an excellent good lawyer, and a great ſcholar: but the only mad merry old fellow in Europe! I ſhew'd him you the other day.

E. Kno. Oh, is that he? I remember him now. Good faith! and he has a very ſtrange preſence, methinks: it ſhews as if he ſtood out of the rank from other men. I have heard many of his jeſts i' the univerſity. They ſay he will commit a man for taking the wall of his horſe.

Well.

Well. Ay, or wearing his cloak of one ſhoulder, or ſerving of God: any thing indeed, if it come in the way of his humour.

Enter CASH.

Caſh. Gaſper, Martin, Cob! 'Heart! where ſhould they be, trow?

Bob. Mr Kitely's man, pr'ythee, vouchſafe us the lighting of this match.

Caſh. Fire on your match, no time but now to vouchſafe! Francis, Cob! [*Exit.*

Bob. Body of me! here's the remainder of ſeven pound ſince yeſterday was ſeven-night. 'Tis your right Trinidado! Did you never take any, Mr Stephen?

Steph. No, truly, Sir; but I'll learn to take it now, ſince you commend it ſo.

Bob. Sir, believe me, upon my relation, for what I tell you the world ſhall not reprove. I have been in the Indies, where this herb grows, where neither myſelf, nor a dozen gentlemen more, of my knowledge, have received the taſte of any other nutriment in the world for the ſpace of one and twenty weeks, but the fume of this ſimple only. Therefore it cannot be but 'tis moſt divine, eſpecially your Trinidado. Your Nicotian is good too: I do hold it, and will affirm it before any prince in Europe, to be the moſt ſovereign and precious weed that ever the earth rendered to the uſe of man.

E. Kno. This ſpeech would have done decently in a tobacco-trader's mouth!

Enter CASH *and* COB.

Caſh. At Juſtice Clement's he is, in the middle of Coleman-ſtreet.

Cob. O ho!

Bob. Where the match I gave thee, Mr Kitely's man?

Caſh. Here it is, Sir.

Cob. By God's me! I marvel what pleaſure or felicity they have in taking this roguiſh tobacco! it's good for nothing but to choak a man, and fill him full of ſmoke and embers.

[Bob.

[Bob. *beats him with a cudgel*; Matth. *runs away.*

All. Oh, good Captain! hold, hold!

Bob. You baſe ſcullion, you!

Caſh. Come, thou muſt needs be talking too, thou'rt well enough ſerv'd.

Cob. Well, it ſhall be a dear beating, an' I live! I will have juſtice for this.

Bob. Do you prate? do you murmur?

[Bob *beats him off.*

E. Kno. Nay, good Captain, will you regard the humour of a fool?

Bob. A whoreſon filthy ſlave, a dung-worm, an excrement! Body o' Cæſar, but that I ſcorn to let forth ſo mean a ſpirit, I'd have ſtabb'd him to the earth.

Well. Marry! the law forbid, Sir.

Bob. By Pharaoh's foot, I would have done it. [*Exit.*

Steph Oh, he ſwears admirably! By Pharaoh's foot, Body of Cæſar; I ſhall never do it, ſure; Upon mine honour, and by St George: no, I ha'nt the right grace.

Well. But ſoft, where's Mr Matthew? gone!

Brain. No, Sir; they went in here.

Well. O, let's follow them: Mr Matthew is gone to ſalute his miſtreſs in verſe. We ſhall have the happineſs to hear ſome of his poetry now. He never comes unfurniſh'd. Brainworm?

Steph. Brainworm! Where? Is this Brainworm!

E. Kno. Ay, Couſin, no words of it, upon your gentility.

Steph. Not I, body of me! by this air, St George, and the foot of Pharaoh!

Well. Rare! your couſin's diſcourſe is ſimply drawn out with oaths.

E. Kno. 'Tis larded with 'em. A kind of French dreſſing, if you love it. Come, let's in. Come, Couſin.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Hall in Juſtice Clement's *Houſe.*

Enter KITELY *and* COB.

Kite. Ha! how many are there, ſay'ſt thou?

Cob. Marry, Sir, your brother, Mr Wellbred——

Kite.

Kite. Tut, beſide him: what ſtrangers are there, man?

Cob. Strangers? let me ſee; one, two; maſs, I know not well, there are ſo many.

Kite. How! ſo many?

Cob. Ay, there's ſome five or ſix of them, at the moſt.

Kite. A ſwarm, a ſwarm!
Spite of the devil! how they ſting my head
With forked ſtings, thus wide and large! But Cob,
How long haſt thou been coming hither, Cob?

Cob. A little while, Sir.

Kite. Didſt thou come running?

Cob. No, Sir.

Kite. Nay, then I am familiar with thy haſte!
Bane to my fortunes! what meant I to marry?
I, that before was rank'd in ſuch content,
My mind a reſt too in ſo ſoft a peace,
Being free maſter of my own free thoughts,
And now become a ſlave! What! never ſigh,
Be of good cheer, man, for thou art a cuckold:
'Tis done, 'tis done! Nay, when ſuch flowing ſtore,
Plenty itſelf, falls into my wife's lap,
The *cornucopia* will be mine, I know. But Cob,
What entertainment had they? I am ſure
My ſiſter and my wife would bid them welcome! ha?

Cob. Like enough, Sir; yet I heard not a word of it.

Kite. No; their lips were ſeal'd with kiſſes, and the voice
Drown'd in a flood of joy at their arrival,
Had loſt her motion, ſtate and faculty.
Cob, which of them was't that firſt kiſs'd my wife?
(My ſiſter, I ſhould ſay) my wife, alas,
I fear not her: ha? Who was it, ſay it thou?

Cob. By my troth, Sir, will you have the truth of it?

Kite. Ay, good Cob, I pray thee heartily.

Cob. Then I am a vagabond, and fitter for Bridewell than your Worſhip's company, if I ſaw any body to be kiſs'd, unleſs they wou'd have kiſs'd the poſt in the middle of the warehouſe; for there I left 'em all, at their tobacco, with a pox!

Kite. How! were they not gone in then, ere thou cam'ſt?

Cob. O, no, Sir!

Kite.

Kite. Spite o' the devil! What do I ſtay here then? Cob, follow me.

Cob. Nay, ſoft and fair, I have eggs on the ſpit. Now am I for ſome five and fifty reaſons hammering, hammering revenge: nay, an' he had not lain in my houſe, 'twould never have griev'd me; but, being my gueſt, one that I'll be ſworn I lov'd and truſted; and he to turn monſter of ingratitude, and ſtrike his lawful hoſt! Well I hope to raiſe up an hoſt of fury for't. I'll to Juſtice Clement for a warrant. Strike his lawful hoſt! [*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Room in KITELY's *Houſe.*

Enter DOWNRIGHT *and Dame* KITELY.

DOWNRIGHT.

WELL, ſiſter, I tell you true: and you'll find it ſo in the end.

Dame. Alas, brother, what would you have me to do? I cannot help it: you ſee my brother brings 'em in here, they are his friends.

Down. His friends? his fiends! 'Slud, they do nothing but haunt him up and down, like a ſort of unlucky ſprites, and tempt him to all manner of villany that can be thought of. Well, by this light, a little thing would make me play the devil with ſome of 'em; and 'twere not more for your husband's ſake, than any thing elſe, I'd make the houſe too hot for the beſt on 'em: they ſhould ſay, and ſwear, hell were broken looſe ere they went hence. But, by God's will, 'tis no body's fault but yours; for an' you had done as you might have done, they ſhould have been parboil'd and bak'd too, every mother's ſon, ere they ſhould ha' come in e'er a one of 'em.

Dame. God's my life! did you ever hear the like? What a ſtrange man is this! could I keep out all them, think you? I ſhould put myſelf againſt half a dozen men, ſhould I? Good faith, you'd mad the patient'ſt body,

body in the world to hear you talk ſo without any ſenſe or reaſon!

Enter Mrs Bridget, *Mr* Matthew, Wellbred, Stephen, E. Kno'well, Bobadil, *and* Cash.

Brid. Servant, in troth, you are too prodigal
Of your wit's treaſure, thus to pour it forth
Upon ſo mean a ſubject as my worth.

Mat. You ſay well, Miſtreſs; and I mean as well.

Down. Hey-day, here is ſtuff!

Well. O, now ſtand cloſe: pray Heaven ſhe can get him to read; he ſhould do it of his own natural impudence.

Brid. Servant, what is this ſame, I pray you?

Mat. Marry, an elegy, an elegy, an odd toy——I'll read it, if you pleaſe.

Brid. Pray you do, ſervant.

Down. O, here's no foppery! death! I can endure the ſtocks better.

E. Kno. What ails thy brother? can he not bear the reading of a ballad?

Well. O, no; a rhime to him is worſe than cheeſe, or a bagpipe. But, mark, you loſe the proteſtation.

Bob. Mr Matthew, you abuſe the expectation of your dear miſtreſs, and her fair ſiſter: fy! while you live, avoid this prolixity.

Mat. I ſhall, Sir.

Rare creature, let me ſpeak without offence;
Would Heav'n my rude words had the influence
To rule thy thoughts, as thy fair looks do mine,
Then ſhould'ſt thou be his priſoner, who is thine.

[Mr Stephen anſwers with ſhaking his head.

E. Kno. 'Slight, he ſhakes his head like a bottle, to feel an' there be any brain in it!

Well. Siſter, what ha' you here? verſes? Pray you let's ſee. Who made theſe verſes? they are excellent good.

Mat. O, Mr Wellbred, 'tis your diſpoſition to ſay ſo, Sir. They were good i' the morning, I made 'em *extempore* this morning.

Well. How, *extempore?*

Mat. I would I might be hang'd elſe. ask Captain

Bobadil. He ſaw me write them at the (pox on it!) the ſtar yonder.

Steph. Couſin, how do you like this gentleman's verſes?

E. Kno. O, admirable! the beſt that ever I heard, coz!

Steph. Body o' Cæſar! they are admirable!
The beſt that ever I heard, as I am a ſoldier.

Down. I am vex'd, I can hold ne'er a bone of me ſtill!
Heart, I think they mean to build and breed here.

Well. Siſter Kitely, I marvel you get you not a ſervant that can rhime, and do tricks too.

Down. Oh, monſter! impudence itſelf! tricks! Come, you might practiſe your ruffian-tricks ſomewhere elſe, and not here, I wuſs: this is no tavern, nor drinking ſchool, to vent your exploits in.

Well. How now! whoſe cow has calv'd?

Down. Marry, that has mine, Sir. Nay, boy, never look askance at me for the matter; I'll tell you of it, ay, Sir, you and your companions, mend yourſelves, when I ha' done.

Well. My companions?

Down. Yes, Sir, your companions, ſo I ſay, I am not afraid of you nor them neither; your hang bys here. You muſt have your poets, and your potlings, your Soladoes and Foolados, to follow you up and down the city, and here they muſt come to domineer and ſwagger. Sirrah, you, ballad-ſinger, and ſlops, your fellow there, get you out; get you home; or, by this ſteel, I'll cut off your ears, and that preſently.

Well. 'Slight, ſtay, let's ſee what he dare do: cut off his ears! cut a whetſtone. You are an aſs, do you ſee; touch any man here, and by this hand, I'll run my rapier to the hilts in you.

Down. Yea, that would I fain ſee, boy.

[*They all draw, and they of the houſe make out to part them.*

Dame. O, Jeſu! murder! Thomas, Gaſpar!

Brid. Help, help, Thomas.

E. Kno. Gentlemen, forbear, I pray you.

Bob. Well, ſirrah, you, Holofernes, by my hand, I will pink your fleſh full of holes with my rapier, for

this; I will, by this good heaven: nay, let him come, gentlemen, by the body of St George, I'll not kill him.

[*They offer to fight again, and are parted.*

Caſh. Hold, hold, good gentlemen.

Down. You whorſon, bragging coiſtril!

Enter KITELY.

Kite. Why, how now? what's the matter? what's the ſtir here?
Put up your weapons, and put off this rage.
My wife and ſiſter, they are cauſe of this:
What, Thomas, where is the knave?

Caſh. Here, Sir.

Well. Come, let's go; this is one of my brother's ancient humours, this. [*Exit.*

Steph. I am glad no body was hurt by this ancient humour. [*Exit.*

Kite. Why, how now, brother, who inforc'd this braul?

Down. A ſort of lewd rake-hells, that care neither for God nor the devil: and they muſt come here to read ballads, and roguery, and truth! I'll mar the knot of 'em ere I ſleep, perhaps; eſpecially Bob there, he that's all manner of ſhapes! and Songs and Sonnets, his fellow. But I'll follow 'em. [*Exit.*

Brid. Brother, indeed, you are too violent,
Too ſudden in your humour:
There was one a civil gentleman,
And very worthily demean'd himſelf.

Kite. O, that was ſome love of yours, ſiſter.

Brid. A love of mine! I would it were no worſe, brother! you'd pay my portion ſooner than you think for. [*Exit.*

Dame. Indeed, he ſeem'd to be a gentleman of exceeding fair diſpoſition, and of very excellent good parts. What a coil and ſtir is here! [*Exit.*

Kite. Her love, by Heav'n! my wife's minion!
Fair diſpoſition, excellent good parts!
Death, theſe phraſes are intolerable!
Well, well, well, well, well, well!
It is too plain, too clear: Thomas, come hither.
What, are they gone?

Caſh.

Caſh. Ay, Sir, they went in.
My miſtreſs, and your ſiſter——

Kite. Are any of the gallants within?

Caſh. No, Sir, they are all gone.

Kite. Art thou ſure of it?

Caſh. I can aſſure you, Sir.

Kite. What gentleman was that they prais'd ſo, Thomas?

Caſh. One, they call him Mr Kno'well, a handſome young gentleman, Sir.

Kite. Ay, I thought ſo: my mind gave me as much.
I'll die, but they have bid him i' the houſe
Somewhere; I'll go and ſearch: go with me, Thomas.
Be true to me, and thou ſhalt find me a maſter. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

MOORFIELDS.

Enter E. KNO'WELL, WELLBRED *and* BRAINWORM.

E Kno Well, Brainworm, perform this buſineſs happily, and thou makeſt a purchaſe of my love for ever.

Well. I' faith, now let your ſpirits uſe their beſt faculties; but at any hand remember the meſſage to my brother: for there's no other means to ſtart him out of is houſe

Brain I warrant you, Sir, fear nothing: I have a nimble ſoul has wak'd all forces of my phantſy by this time, and put 'em in true motion. What you have poſſeſſed me withal I'll diſcharge it amply, Sir. Make it no queſtion. [*Exit.*

Well Forth, and proſper, Brainworm. Faith, Ned, how doſt thou approve of my abilities in this device?

E. Kno. Froth, well, howſoever: but it will come excellent, if it take.

Well. Take, man! why, it cannot chuſe but take, if the circumſtances miſcarry not: but tell me ingenuouſly, doſt thou affect my ſiſter Bridget, as thou pretend'ſt?

E. Kno. Friend, am I worth belief?

Well. Come, do not proteſt. In faith ſhe is a maid of good ornament, and much modeſty: and, except

conceiv'd very worthily of her, thou ſhould'ſt not have her.

E. Kno. Nay, that, I am afraid, will be a queſtion yet, whether I ſhall have her or no.

Well. 'Slid, thou ſhalt have her; by this light, thou ſhalt.

E. Kno. Nay, do not ſwear.

Well. By this hand, thou ſhalt have her: I'll go fetch her preſently. 'Point but where to meet, and as I am an honeſt man, I'll bring her.

E. Kno. Hold, hold, be temperate.

Well. Why, by——what ſhall I ſwear by? thou ſhalt have her, as I am———

E. Kno. 'Pray thee, be at peace, I am ſatisfied; and do believe thou will omit no offered occaſion, to make my deſires complete.

Well. Thou ſhalt ſee and know, I will not. [*Exeunt.*

Enter FORMAL, *and* KNO'WELL.

Form. Was your man a ſoldier, Sir?

Kno. Ay, a knave, I took him begging o' the way,
This morning, as I came over Moorfields!

Enter BRAINWORM.

O here he is! you have made fair ſpeed, believe me:
Where, i' the name of Sloth, could you be thus——

Brain. Marry, peace be my comfort, where I thought I ſhould have had little comfort of your Worſhip's ſervice.

Kno. How ſo?

Brain. O, Sir! your coming to the city, your entertainment of me, and your ſending me to watch—indeed, all the circumſtances either of your charge, or my employment, are as open to your ſon, as to yourſelf!

Kno. How ſhould that be! unleſs that villain Brainworm
Have told him of the letter, and diſcover'd
All that I ſtrictly charg'd him to conceal? 'tis ſo!

Brain. I am partly o' that faith, 'tis ſo, indeed.

Kno. But how ſhould he know thee to be my man?

Brain. Nay, Sir, I cannot tell; unleſs it be by the black art! Is not your ſon a ſcholar, Sir?

Kno.

Kno. Yes, but I hope his ſoul is not allied
Unto ſuch helliſh practice: if it were,
I had juſt cauſe to weep my part in him,
And curſe the time of his creation.
But where didſt thou find them, Fitzſword?

Brain. You ſhould rather aſk, where they found me, Sir; for I'll be ſworn I was going along in the ſtreet, thinking nothing, when (of a ſudden) a voice calls, Mr Kno'well's man; another cries, ſoldier: and thus, half a dozen of 'em, till they had call'd me within a houſe; where I no ſooner came, but out flew all their rapiers at my boſom, with ſome three or fourſcore oaths to accompany 'em, and all to tell me, I was a dead man, if I did not confeſs where you were, and how I was employed, and about what, which, when they could not get out of me (as I proteſt they muſt have diſſected me, and made an anatomy of me firſt, and ſo I told 'em), they lock'd me up in a room, i' the top of a high houſe, whence, by great miracle, having a light heart, I ſlid down by a bottom of packthread into the ſtreet, and ſo 'ſcap'd. But, Sir, thus much I can aſſure you, for I heard it while I was lock'd up, there were a great many rich merchants and brave citizens wives with 'em at a feaſt, and your ſon, Mr Edward, withdrew with one of 'em, and has 'pointed to meet her anon, at one Cob's houſe, a water bearer, that dwells by the wall. Now, there your Worſhip ſhall be ſure to take him, for there he preys, and fail he will not.

Kno. Nor will I fail to break his match, I doubt not.
Go thou along with Juſtice Clement's man,
And ſtay there for me. At one Cob's houſe, ſay'ſt thou?

Brain. Ay, Sir, there you ſhall have him. [*Exit* Kno'well.] Yes? inviſible? much wench, or much fool! 'ſlight, when he has ſtaid there three or four hours, travelling with the expectation of wonders, and at length be delivered of air: O, the ſport that I ſhould then take to look on him, if I durſt! but now I mean to appear no more before him in this ſhape. I have another trick to act yet. Sir, I make you ſtay ſomewhat long.

Form. Not a whit, Sir:
You have been lately in the wars, Sir, it ſeems.

Brain. Marry have I, Sir, to my loſs; and expence of all, almoſt———

Form. Troth, Sir, I would be glad to beſtow a pottle of wine o'you, if it pleaſe you to accept it———

Brain. O, Sir.——

Form. But to hear the manner of your ſervices and your devices in the wars; they ſay they be very ſtrange, and not like thoſe a man reads in the Roman hiſtories, or ſees at Mile-end.

Brain. No, I aſſure you, Sir; why, at any time when it pleaſe you, I ſhall be ready to diſcourſe to you all I know; and more too, ſomewhat

Form. No better time than now, Sir; we'll go to the Windmill, there we ſhall have a cup of neat griſt, as we call it. I pray you, Sir, let me requeſt you to the Windmill.

Brain. I'll follow you, Sir, and make griſt o'you, if I have good luck. [*Exeunt.*

Enter MATTHEW, EDWARD KNO'WELL, BOBADIL, *and* STEPHEN.

Mat. Sir, did your eyes ever taſte the like clown of him, where we were to-day, Mr Wellbred's half brother? I think the whole earth cannot ſhew his parallel, by this day light.

E. Kno We are now ſpeaking of him: Captain Bobadil tells me, he is fall'n foul o'you too.

Mat. O, ay, Sir! he threatened me with the baſtinado.

Bob. Ay, but I think I taught you prevention this morning, for that——You ſhall kill him, beyond queſtion, if you be ſo generouſly minded.

Mat. Indeed it is a moſt excellent trick!

Bob. O, you do not give ſpirit enough to your motion, you are too tardy, too heavy! O, it muſt be done like lightning, hey! [*He practiſes at a poſt.*

Mat. Rare captain!

Bob. Tut, 'tis nothing, an't be not done in a—*punto!*

E. Kno. Captain, did you ever prove yourſelf upon any of our maſters of defence here?

Mat. O, good Sir! yes, I hope he has.

Bob. I will tell you, Sir. They have aſſaulted me ſome

ſome three, four, five, ſix of them together, as I have walk'd alone in divers skirts o'the town, where I have driven them before me the whole length of a ſtreet, in the open view of all our gallants, pitying to hurt them, believe me. Yet all this lenity will not overcome their ſpleen; they will be doing with the piſmire, raiſing a hill a man may ſpurn abroad with his foot at pleaſure. By myſelf I could have ſlain them all, but I delight not in murder. I am loth to bear any other than this baſtinado for 'em: yet I hold it good policy not to go diſarm'd; for though I be skilful, I may be oppreſs'd with multitudes.

E. Kno. Ay, believe me, may you, Sir; and, in my conceit, our whole nation ſhould ſuſtain the loſs by it, if it were ſo.

Bob. Alas, no; what's a peculiar man, to a nation? not ſeen.

E. Kno. O, but your ſkill, Sir!

Bob Indeed that might be ſome loſs: but who reſpects it? I will tell you, Sir, by the way of private, and under ſeal; I am a gentleman, and live here obſcure and to myſelf: but, were I known to his majeſty, and the lords (obſerve me) I would undertake, upon this poor head and life, for the public benefit of the ſtate, not only to ſpare the entire lives of his ſubjects in general, but to ſave the one half, nay, three parts, of his yearly charge in holding war, and againſt what enemy ſoever. And how would I do it, think you?

E. Kno. Nay, I know not, nor can I conceive.

Bob. Why, thus, Sir. I would ſelect nineteen more to myſelf, throughout the land; gentlemen they ſhould be, of good ſpirit, ſtrong and able conſtitutions; I would chuſe them by an inſtinct, a character that I have: and I would teach theſe nineteen the ſpecial rules, as your *punto*, your *reverſo*, your *ſtoccata*, your *imbroccata*, your *paſſada*, your *montanta*: till they could play very near or altogether as well as myſelf. This done, ſay the enemy were forty thouſand ſtrong, we twenty would come into the field the tenth of March, or thereabouts; and we would challenge twenty of the enemy; they could not, in their honour, refuſe us; well, we would kill them; challenge twenty more, kill them; twenty more,

kill

kill them; twenty more, kill them too; and thus would we kill every man his twenty a-day, that's twenty ſcore, twenty ſcore, that's two hundred; two hundred a day, five days a thouſand; forty thouſand; forty times five, five times forty, two hundred days kills them all up by computation. And this I will venture my poor gentleman-like carcaſe to perform (provided there be no treaſon practis'd upon us) by fair and diſcreet manhood, that is, civilly by the ſword.

E. Kno. Why, are you ſo ſure of your hand, Captain, at all times?

Bob. Tut, never miſs thruſt, upon my reputation with you.

E. Kno. I would not ſtand in Downright's ſtate then, an' you meet him, for the wealth of any ſtreet in London.

Bob. Why, Sir, you miſtake: if he were here now, by this welkin I would not draw my weapon on him! let this gentleman do his mind: but I will baſtinado him, by the bright ſun! wherever I meet him.

Mat. Faith, and I'll have a fling at him, at my diſtance.

Enter DOWNRIGHT, *walking over the ſtage.*

E. Kno. God's ſo! look you where he is; yonder he goes.

Down. What peeviſh luck have I, I cannot meet with theſe bragging raſcals!

Bob. It's not he, is it?

E. Kno. Yes, faith; it is he.

Mat. I'll be hang'd, then, if that were he.

E. Kno. I aſſure you that was he.

Steph. Upon my reputation, it was he.

Bob. Had I thought it had been he, he muſt not have gone ſo: but I can hardly be induc'd to believe it was he, yet.

E. Kno. That I think, Sir. But ſee he is come again.

Down. O, Pharaoh's foot! have I found you? come, draw, to your tools: draw, Gipſy, or I'll threſh you.

Bob. Gentleman of valour, I do believe in thee, hear me———

Down. Draw your weapon then.

Bob. Tall man, I never thought on't till now; body of me! I had a warrant o the peace ſerved on me even now, as I came along, by a water-bearer; this gentleman

ſaw

ſaw it, Mr Matthew.

[*He beats him, and diſarms him.* Matthew *runs away.*

Down. 'Sdeath, you will not draw, then?

Bob. Hold, hold, under thy favour, forbear.

Down. Prate again, as you like this, you whoreſon foiſt, you. You'll controul the point, you? your conſort is gone; had he ſtaid, he had ſhar'd with you, Sir.

[*Exit* Downright.

E. Kno. Twenty, and kill 'em; twenty more, kill them too. Ha! ha!

Bob. Well, Gentlemen, bear witneſs, I was bound to the peace, by this good day.

E. Kno. No, faith, it's an ill day, Captain, never reckon it other: but ſay you were bound to the peace, the law allows you to defend yourſelf: that will prove but a poor excuſe.

Bob. I cannot tell, Sir. I deſire good conſtruction, in fair ſort. I never ſuſtain'd the like diſgrace, by heaven: ſure I was ſtruck with a planet thence, for I had no power to touch my weapon.

E. Kno. Ay, like enough, I have heard of many that have been beaten under a planet: go, get you to a ſurgeon. 'Slid, an' theſe be your tricks, your Paſſado's, and your Montanto's, I'll none of them.

Bob. I was planet-ſtruck certainly. [*Exit.*

E. Kno. O, manners! that this age ſhould bring forth ſuch creatures! that nature ſhould be at leiſure to make 'em! Come, Coz.

Steph. Maſs, I'll have this cloak.

E. Kno. God's will 'tis Downright's.

Steph. Nay, it's mine now; another might have ta'en it up as well as I. I'll wear it, ſo I will.

E. Kno. How an' he ſee it? he'll challenge it, aſſure yourſelf.

Steph. Ay, but he ſhall not ha't; I'll ſay, I bought it.

E. Kno. Take heed you buy it not too dear, Coz.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Chamber in Kitely's *Houſe.*

Enter KITELY *and* CASH.

Kite. Art thou ſure, Thomas, we have pry'd into all and

and every part throughout the houſe? Is there no bye-place, nor dark corner has eſcap'd our ſearches?

Caſh. Indeed, Sir, none; there's not a hole or nook unſearch'd by us, from the upper loft unto the cellar.

Kite. They have convey'd him then away, or hid him in ſome privacy of their own. ——Whilſt we were ſearching of the dark cloſet by my ſiſter's chamber, didſt thou not think thou heard'ſt a ruſtling on the other ſide, and a ſoft tread of feet?

Caſh. Upon my truth, I did not, Sir; or, if you did, it might be only the vermin in the wainſcot; the houſe is old, and over-run with 'em.

Kite. It is, indeed, Thomas ——we ſhould bane theſe rats—doſt thou underſtand me—we will—they ſhall not harbour here; I'll cleanſe my houſe from 'em, if fire or poiſon can effect it—I will not be tormented thus—They gnaw my brain, and burrow in my heart——I cannot bear it.

Caſh. I do not underſtand you, Sir! Good now, what is't diſturbs you thus? Pray, be compos'd; theſe ſtarts of paſſion have ſome cauſe, I fear, that touches you more nearly.

Kite. Sorely, ſorely, Thomas—it cleaves too cloſe to me ——Oh me! [*Sighs.*] Lend me thy arm—ſo, good Caſh.

Caſh. You tremble and look pale! let me call aſſiſtance.

Kite. Not for ten thouſand worlds——Alas! alas! 'tis not in med'cine to give me eaſe—here, here it lies.

Caſh. What, Sir?

Kite. Why, nothing, nothing.——I am not ſick, yet more than dead; I have a burning fever in my mind, and long for that, which having, would deſtroy me.

Caſh. Believe me, 'tis your fancy's impoſition; ſhut up your generous mind from ſuch intruders—I'll hazard all my growing favour with you; I'll ſtake my preſent, my future welfare, that ſome baſe whiſpering knave, (nay, pardon me, Sir), hath in the beſt and richeſt ſoil, ſown ſeeds of rank and evil nature! O, my maſter, ſhould they take root—— [*Laughing within.*

Kite. Hark! hark! doſt thou not hear? what think'ſt thou now? are they not laughing at me?—They are, they are. They have deceiv'd the wittol, and thus they triumph

triumph in their infamy.——This aggravation is not to be borne. [*Laughing again.*] Hark again!—Caſh, do thou unſeen ſteal in upon 'em, and liſten to their wanton conference.

Caſh. I ſhall obey you, tho' againſt my will. [*Exit.*

Kite. Againſt his will? ha! it may be ſo.——He's young, and may be brib'd for them——they've various means to draw the unwary in; if it be ſo, I'm loſt, deceiv'd, betray'd, and my boſom (my full-fraught boſom) is unlock'd and open'd to mockery and laughter! Heaven forbid! He cannot be that viper; ſting the hand that rais'd and cheriſh'd him! was this ſtroke added, I ſhould be curs'd.——But it cannot be—no, it cannot be.

Enter CASH.

Caſh. You are muſing, Sir,

Kite. I ask your pardon, Caſh——ask me not why—I have wrong'd you, and am ſorry—'tis gone.

Caſh. If you ſuſpect my faith——

Kite. I do not—ſay no more—and for my ſake let it die and be forgotten.——Have you ſeen your miſtreſs, and heard——whence was that noiſe?

Caſh. Your brother, Mr Wellbred, is with 'em, and I found 'em throwing out their mirth on a very truly ridiculous ſubject; it is one Formal, as he ſtyles himſelf, and he appertains (ſo he phraſes it) to Juſtice Clement, and would ſpeak with you.

Kite. With me? art thou ſure it is the Juſtice's clerk? Where is he?

Enter BRAINWORM, (*as* FORMAL.)

Who are you, Friend?

Brain. An appendix to Juſtice Clement, vulgarly call'd his clerk.

Kite. What are your wants with me?

Brain. None.

Kite. Do you not want to ſpeak with me?

Brain. No——but my maſter does.

Kite. What are the Juſtice's commands?

Brain. He doth not command, but entreats Mr Kitely to be with him directly, having matters of ſome moment to communicate unto him.

Kite.

Kite. What can it be! ſay, I'll be with him inſtantly, and if your legs, friend, go no faſter than your tongue, I ſhall be there before you.

Brain. I will. *Vale.* [*Exit.*

Kite. 'Tis a precious fool, indeed!—I muſt go forth.——But, firſt, come hither, Thomas—I have admitted thee into the cloſe receſſes of my heart, and ſhew'd thee all my frailties, paſſions, every thing——
Be careful of thy promiſe, keep good watch:
Wilt thou be true, my Thomas?

Caſh. As truth's ſelf, Sir———
But be aſſur'd you're heaping care and trouble
Upon a ſandy baſe; ill-plac'd ſuſpicion
Recoils upon yourſelf—She's chaſte as comely;
Believ't ſhe is—Let her not note your humour;
Diſperſe the gloom upon your brow, and be
As clear as her unſullied honour.

Kite. I will then, Caſh.——Thou comfort'ſt me—I'll drive theſe
Fiend-like fancies from me, and be myſelf again.
Think'ſt thou ſhe has perceiv'd my folly? 'Twere
Happy if ſhe had not——She has not——
They who know no evil will ſuſpect none.

Caſh. True, Sir; nor has your mind a blemiſh now.
This change has gladden'd me.—Here's my miſtreſs
And the reſt; ſettle your reaſon to accoſt 'em.

Kite. I will, Caſh, I will———

Enter WELLBRED, *Dame* KITELY, *and* BRIDGET.

Well. What, are you plotting, brother Kitely,
That thus of late you muſe alone, and bear
Such weighty care upon your penſive brow? *Laughs.*

Kite. My care is all for you, good ſneering brother,
And well I wiſh you'd take ſome wholeſome counſel,
And curb your headſtrong humours; truſt me, brother,
You were to blame to raiſe commotions here,
And hurt the peace and order of my houſe.

Well. No harm done, brother, I warrant you,
Since there is no harm done; anger coſts
A man nothing, and a brave man is never
His own man till he be angry——To keep
His valour in obſcurity, is to keep himſelf,
As it were, in a cloke-bag: what's a brave

Muſician, unleſs he play?
What's a brave man, unleſs he fight?

Dame. Ay, but what harm might have come of it, brother?

Well. What, ſchool'd on both ſides! Prithee, Bridget, ſave me from the rod and lecture.

[Bridget *and* Well. *retire.*

Kite. With what a decent modeſty ſhe rates him!
My heart's at eaſe, and ſhe ſhall ſee it is——
How art thou, Wife! thou look'ſt both gay and comely,
In troth thou doſt—I am ſent for out, my dear,
But I ſhall ſoon return.——Indeed, my life,
Buſineſs that forces me abroad grows irkſome,
I cou'd content me with leſs gain and 'vantage
To have thee more at home, indeed I cou'd.

Dame. Your doubts, as well as love, may breed theſe thoughts.

Kite. That jar untunes me.
What doſt thou ſay? doubt thee? [*Aſide.*
I ſhou'd as ſoon ſuſpect myſelf—No, no,
My confidence is rooted in thy merit,
So fix'd and ſettled, that, wert thou inclin'd
To maſks, and ſports, and balls, where luſty youth
Leads up the wanton dance, and the rais'd pulſe
Beats quicker meaſures, yet I could with joy,
With heart's eaſe and ſecurity—not but
I had rather thou ſhould'ſt prefer thy home
And me, to toys and ſuch like vanities.

Dame. But ſure, my dear,
A wife may moderately more uſe theſe pleaſures,
Which numbers, and the time give ſanction to,
Without the ſmalleſt blemiſh on her name.

Kite. And ſo ſhe may—And I'll go with thee, child,
I will, indeed——I'll lead thee there myſelf,
And be the foremoſt reveller.——I'll ſilence
The ſneers of Envy, ſtop the tongue of Slander;
Nor will I more be pointed at, as one
Diſturb'd with jealouſy———

Dame. Why, were you ever ſo?

Kite. What! ha! never—ha, ha, ha!
She ſtabs me home. [*Aſide.*] Jealous of thee!
No, do not believe it—ſpeak low, my love,
Thy brother will overhear us——No, no, my dear,
It cou'd not be, it cou'd not be—for—for—

What is the time now?—I ſhall be too late—
No, no, thou may'ſt be ſatisfy'd
There's not the ſmalleſt ſpark remaining———
Remaining! What do I ſay? there never was,
Nor can, nor ever ſhall be—ſo be ſatisfy'd——
Is Cob within there?——Give me a kiſs.
My dear, there, there, now we are reconcil'd—
I'll be back immediately—Good bye, good bye—
Ha, ha! jealous, I ſhall burſt my ſides with laughing;
Ha, ha! Cob! where are you, Cob? Ha, Ha!—[*Exit.*

[Well. *and* Brid. *come forward.*

Well. What have you done to make your huſband part ſo merry from you? He has of late been little given to laughter.

Dame. He laugh'd, indeed, but ſeemingly without mirth; his behaviour is new and ſtrange; he is much agitated, and has ſome whimſy in his head, that puzzles mine to read it.

Well. 'Tis jealouſy, good ſiſter, and writ ſo largely that the blind may read it; have not you perceiv'd it yet?

Dame. If I have, 'tis not always prudent that my tongue ſhould betray my eyes; ſo far my wiſdom tends, good brother, and little more I boaſt—But what makes him ever calling for Cob ſo? I wonder how he can employ him.

Well. Indeed, ſiſter, to aſk how he employs Cob, is a neceſſary queſtion for you, that are his wife, and a thing not very eaſy for you to be ſatisfy'd in—But this I'll aſſure you, Cob's wife is an excellent bawd, ſiſter, and oftentimes your huſband haunts her houſe; marry to what end, I cannot altogether accuſe him: imagine you what you think convenient. But I have known fair hides have foul hearts, ere now, ſiſter.

Dame. Never ſaid you truer than that, brother; ſo much I can tell you for your learning. O, ho! is this the fruit of's jealouſy? I thought ſome game was in the wind, he acted ſo much tenderneſs but now; but I'll be quit with him—Thomas!

Enter Cash.

Fetch your hat, and go with me: I'll get my hood, and out the backward-way.——I would to fortune I could take him there, I'd return him his own, I warrant him! I'd fit him for his jealouſy! [*Exit.*

Well.

Well. Ha, ha! ſo, e'en let 'em go; this may make ſport anon—What, Brainworm?

Enter BRAINWORM.

Brain. I ſaw the merchant turn the corner, and came back to tell you all goes well; wind and tide, my maſter.

Well. But how got'ſt thou this apparel of the Juſtice's man?

Brain. Marry, Sir, my proper fine penman would needs beſtow the griſt o' me at the Windmill, to hear ſome martial diſcourſe, where I ſo marſhalled him, that I made him drunk with admiration: and becauſe too much heat was the cauſe of his diſtemper, I ſtript him ſtark naked, as he lay along aſleep, and borrow'd his ſuit to deliver this counterfeit meſſage, in leaving a ruſty armour, and an old brown bill, to watch him till my return; which ſhall be when I have pawn'd his apparel, and ſpent the better part of the money, perhaps.

Well. Well, thou art a ſucceſsful merry knave, Brainworm; his abſence will be ſubject for more mirth. I pray thee return to thy young maſter, and will him to meet me and my ſiſter Bridget at the Tower inſtantly; for here, tell him, the houſe is ſo ſtor'd with jealouſy, there is no room for love to ſtand upright in. We muſt get our fortunes committed to ſome large priſon, ſay; and than the Tower, I know no better air, nor where the liberty of the houſe may do us more preſent ſervice. Away. [*Exit Brain.*

Brid. What, is this the engine that you told me of? What farther meaning have you in the plot?

Well. That you may know, fair ſiſter-in-law, how happy a thing it is to be fair and beautiful.

Brid. That touches not me, brother.

Well. That's true; that's even the fault of it; for indeed, beauty ſtands a woman in no ſtead, unleſs it procure her touching—Well, there's a dear and well reſpected friend of mine, ſiſter, ſtands very ſtrongly and worthily affected towards you, and hath vow'd to inflame whole bonfires of zeal at his heart, in honour of your perfections. I have already engag'd my promiſe to bring you where you ſhall hear him confirm much more. Ned Kno'well is the man, ſiſter. There's no exception againſt the party; you are ripe for a huſband, and a mi-

nute's loſs to ſuch an occaſion is a great treſpaſs in a wife beauty.—What ſay you, ſiſter? On my ſoul, he loves you, will you give him the meeting?

Brid. Faith, I had very little confidence in my own conſtancy, brother, if I durſt not meet a man: but this motion of yours favours of an old knight adventurer's ſervant, a little too much, methinks.

Well. What's that, ſiſter?

Brid. Marry, of the go-between.

Well. No matter if it did; I wou'd be ſuch an one for my friend.——But ſee, who is return'd to hinder us.

Enter KITELY.

Kite. What villany is this? call'd out on a falſe meſſage! This was ſome plot; I was not ſent for. Bridget, where's your ſiſter?

Brid. I think ſhe be gone forth, Sir.

Kite. How! is my wife gone forth? Whither, for Heaven's ſake?

Brid. She's gone abroad with Thomas.

Kite. Abroad with Thomas! Oh, that villain cheats me!
He hath diſcover'd all unto my wife;
Beaſt that I was to truſt him. Whither, I pray
You, went ſhe?

Brid. I know not, Sir.

Well I'll tell you, brother, whither I ſuſpect ſhe's gone.

Kite Whither, good brother?

Well. To Cob's houſe, I believe; but keep my counſel.

Kite. I will, I will.—To Cob's houſe! does ſhe haunt there?
She's gone on purpoſe now to cuckold me
With that lewd raſcal, who, to win her favour,
Hath told her all—Why wou'd you let her go?

Well. Becauſe ſhe's not my wife; if ſhe were, I'd keep her to her tether.

Kite. So, ſo; now 'tis plain.—I ſhall go mad
With my misfortunes; now they pour in torrents:
I'm bruted by my wife, betray'd by my ſervant,
Mock'd at by my relations, pointed at by my neighbours,
Deſpis'd by myſelf.—There is nothing left now
But to revenge myſelf firſt, next hang myſelf;
And then—all my cares will be over. [*Exit.*

Brid. He ſtorms moſt loudly, ſure you have gone too far in this.

Well.

Well. 'Twill all end right, depend upon't.—But let us loſe no time; the coaſt is clear; away, away; the affair is worth it, and cries haſte.

Brid. I truſt me to your guidance, brother, and ſo fortune for us. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Stock's-market.

Enter MATTHEW, *and* BOBADIL.

MATTHEW.

I WONDER, Captain, what they will ſay of my going away? ha?

Bob. Why, what ſhould they ſay, but as of a diſcreet gentleman? quick, wary, reſpectful of nature's fair lineaments: and that's all.

Mat. Why ſo! but what can they ſay of your beating?

Bob. A rude part, a touch with ſoft wood, a kind of groſs battery us'd, lain on ſtrongly, borne moſt patiently: and that's all. But wherefore do I wake this remembrance? I was faſcinated, by Jupiter! faſcinated; but I will be unwitch'd, and reveng'd by law.

Mat. Do you hear? is't not beſt to get a warrant and have him arreſted, and brought before Juſtice Clement?

Bob. It were not amiſs, would we had it!

Mat. Why, here comes his man, let's ſpeak to him.

Bob. Agreed; do you ſpeak.

Enter BRAINWORM, (*as* FORMAL.)

Mat. Save you, Sir.

Brain. With all my heart, Sir.

Mat. Sir, there is one Downright hath abus'd this gentleman and myſelf, and we determine to make ourſelves amends by law; now, if you would do us the favour to procure a warrant to bring him before your maſter, you ſhall be well conſidered of, I aſſure you, Sir.

Brain. Sir, you know my ſervice is my living: ſuch favours as theſe, gotten of my maſter, is his only preferment, and therefore you muſt conſider me, as I may make benefit of my place.

Mat. How is that, Sir?

Brain. Faith, Sir, the thing is extraordinary, and the

gentleman may be of great account: yet, be what he will, if you will lay me down a brace of angels in my hand, you ſhall have it, otherwiſe not.

Mat. How ſhall we do, Captain? he aſks a brace of angels, you have no money.

Bob. Not a croſs, by fortune.

Mat. Nor I, as I am a gentleman, but two pence left of my two ſhillings in the morning for wine and raddiſh: let's find him ſome pawn

Bob. Pawn? we have none to the value of his demand.

Mat. O, yes, I can pawn my ring here.

Bob. And, harkee, he ſhall have my truſty Toledo too. I believe I ſhall have no ſervice for it to-day.

Mat. Do you hear, Sir? we have no ſtore of money at this time, but you ſhall have good pawns; look you, Sir, I will pledge this ring, and that gentleman his Toledo, becauſe we would have it diſpatch'd.

Brain. I am content, Sir; I will get you the warrant preſently. What's his name, ſay you, Downright?

Mat. Ay, ay, George Downright.

Brain. Well, Gentlemen, I'll procure you the warrant preſently; but who will you have to ſerve it?

Mat. That's true, Captain, that muſt be conſider'd.

Bob. Body o' me, I know not! 'tis ſervice of danger.

Brain. Why, you were beſt get one of the varlets o' the city, a ſerjeant; I'll appoint you one, if you pleaſe.

Mat. Will you, Sir? why, we can wiſh no better.

Bob. We'll leave it to you, Sir. [*Exeunt* Bob. *and* Mat.

Brain. This is rare! now will I go pawn this cloke of the Juſtice's man's, at the broker's, for a varlet's ſuit, and be the varlet myſelf; and ſo get money on all ſides. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The Street before Cob's *Houſe.*

Enter Kno'well.

Kno. O, here it is; I have found it now—Hoa, who is within here? [Tib *appears at the window.*

Tib. I am within, Sir, what is your pleaſure?

Kno. To know who is within beſides yourſelf.

Tib. Why, Sir, you are no conſtable I hope?

Kno. O, fear you the conſtable? then I doubt not you have ſome gueſts within deſerve that fear—I'll fetch him ſtraight.

Tib. For Heaven's ſake, Sir ——

Kno. Go to, come tell me, is not young Kno'well here?

Tib. Young Kno'well? I know none ſuch, Sir, o' my honeſty.

Kno. Your honeſty, dame! it flies too lightly from you: there is no way but fetch the conſtable.

Tib. The conſtable! the man is mad, I think.

Enter Cash *and Dame* Kitely.

Caſh. Hoa! who keeps houſe here?

Kno. O, this is the female copeſmate of my ſon. Now ſhall I meet him ſtraight. [*Aſide.*

Dame. Knock, Thomas, hard.

Caſh. Hoa! good wife.

Tib. Why, what's the matter with you?

Dame. Why, woman, grieves it you to ope the door? belike you get ſomething to keep it ſhut.

Tib. What mean theſe queſtions, pray you?

Dame. So ſtrange you make it! is not my husband here?

Kno. Her husband! [*Aſide.*

Dame. My tried and faithful husband, Mr Kitely.

Tib. I hope he needs not to be tried here.

Dame. Come hither, Caſh—I ſee my turtle coming to his haunts; let us retire. [*They retire.*

Kno. This muſt be ſome device to mock me withal. Soft—who is this?—Oh! 'tis my ſon diſguis'd. I'll watch him, and ſurpriſe him.

Enter Kitely *muffled in a cloke.*

Kite. 'Tis truth, I ſee, there ſhe skulks. But I will fetch her from her hold—I will— I tremble ſo, I ſcarce have power to do the juſtice Her infamy demands

[*As* Kitely *goes forward, Dame* Kitely *and* Kno'well *lay hold of him.*

Kno. Have I trapp'd you, youth? you can't 'ſcape me now.

Dame. O, Sir! have I foreſtall'd your honeſt market? Found your cloſe walks! you ſtand amaz'd Now, do you? Ah, hide, hide your face for ſhame! I'faith, I am glad I have found you yet at laſt. What is your jewel, trow? in, come let's ſee her; fetch Forth the wanton dame—If ſhe be fairer In any honeſt judgment, than myſelf, I'll be content with it: but ſhe is change;

She

She feeds you fat, she soothes your appetite,
And you are well. Your wife, an honest woman,
Is meat twice sod to you, Sir. O you treacher!

Kno. What mean you, woman? let go your hold.
I see the counterfeit——I am his father, and claim him as my son.

Kite. [*discovering himself.*] I am your cuckold, and claim my vengeance.

Dame. What, do you wrong me, and insult me too?
Thou faithless man!

Kite. Out on thy more than strumpet's impudence!
Steal'st thou thus to thy haunts? and have I taken
The bawd, and thee, and thy companion,
This hoary-headed letcher, this old goat,
Close at your villany; and wouldst thou excuse it,
With this stale harlot's jest, accusing me?
O, old incontinent, dost thou not shame
To have a mind so hot? and to entice,
And feed the enticements of a lustful woman?

Dame. Out, I defy thee, thou dissembling wretch!

Kite. Defy me, strumpet? ask thy pandar here,
Can he deny it, or that wicked elder?

Kno. Why, hear you, Sir——

Cash. Master, 'tis in vain to reason while these passions blind you—I'm griev'd to see you thus.

Kite. Tut, tut, never speak, I see thro' every
Veil you cast upon your treachery: but I have
Done with you, and root you from my heart for ever.
For you, Sir, thus I demand my honour's due;
Resolv'd to cool your lust, or end my shame. [*Draws.*

Kno. What lunacy is this? put up your sword, and undeceive yourself—no arm that ere pois'd weapon can affright me. But I pity folly, nor cope with madness.

Kite. I will have proofs—I will—so you good wife-bawd, Cob's wife; and you that make your husband such a monster, and you, young pandar, and old cuckold maker, I'll ha' you every one before the Justice—nay, you shall answer it; I charge you go. Come forth, thou bawd. [*Goes into the house and brings out* Tib.

Kno. Marry, with all my heart, Sir; I go willingly.
Tho' I do taste this as a trick put upon me,
To punish my impertinent search; and justly;
And half forgive my son for the device.

Kite.

Kite. Come, will you go?

Dame. Go, to thy ſhame believe it.

Kite. Tho' ſhame and ſorrow both my heart betide,
Come on—I muſt, and will be ſatisfy'd. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Stock's-market.*

Enter BRAINWORM.

Brain. Well, of all my diſguiſes yet, now am I moſt like myſelf; being in this ſerjeant's gown. A man of my preſent profeſſion never counterfeits, till he lays hold upon a debtor, and ſays, he reſts him; for then he brings him to all manner of unreſt. A kind of little kings we are, bearing the diminutive of a mace, made like a young artichoke, that always carries pepper and ſalt in itſelf. Well, I know not what danger I undergo by this exploit; pray Heaven I come well off.

Enter BOBADIL *and Mr* MATTHEW.

Mat. See, I think, yonder is the varlet, by his gown: 'Save you, friend; are you not here by appointment of Juſtice Clement's man?

Brain. Yes, an't pleaſe you, Sir; he told me two gentlemen had will'd him to procure a warrant from his maſter (which I have about me) to be ſerv'd on one Downright.

Mat. It is honeſtly done of you both; and ſee where the party comes you muſt arreſt: ſerve it upon him quickly, before he be aware—

Enter Mr STEPHEN *in* DOWNRIGHT's *cloke.*

Bob. Bear back, Maſter Matthew.

Brain. Maſter Downright, I arreſt you i' the Queen's name, and muſt carry you before a juſtice, by virtue of this watrant.

Steph. Me, friend, I am no Downright, I. I am Maſter Stephen; you do not well to arreſt me, I tell you truly: I am in no body's bonds or books, I would you ſhould know it. A plague on you heartily, for making me thus afraid before my time.

Brain. Why now you are deceived, Gentlemen?

Bob. He wears ſuch a cloke, and that deceived us: But ſee, here a comes indeed! this is he, officer.

Enter

Enter DOWNRIGHT.

Down. Why, how now, Signior Gull! are you turn'd filcher of late? come, deliver my cloke.

Steph. Your cloke, Sir? I bought it even now, in open market.

Brain. Maſter Downright, I have a warrant I muſt ſerve upon you, procured by theſe two gentlemen.

Down. Theſe Gentlemen? theſe raſcals!

Brain. Keep the peace, I charge you in her Majeſty's name.

Down. I obey thee. What muſt I do, officer?

Brain. Go before Mr Juſtice Clement, to anſwer what they can object againſt you, Sir. I will uſe you kindly, Sir.

Mat. Come, let's before, and make the Juſtice, Captain— [*Exit.*

Bob. The varlet's a tall man, before Heaven. [*Exit.*

Down. Gull, you'll gi' me my cloke?

Steph. Sir, I bought it, and I'll keep it.

Down. You will?

Steph. Ay, that I will.

Down. Officer, there's thy fee, arreſt him.

Brain. Maſter Stephen, I muſt arreſt you.

Steph. Arreſt me, I ſcorn it; there, take your cloke, I'll none on't.

Down. Nay, that ſhall not ſerve your turn, now, Sir. Officer, I'll go with thee to the Juſtice's: bring him along.

Steph. Why, is not here your cloke, what would you have?

Down. I'll ha' you anſwer it, Sir.

Brain. Sir, I'll take your word, and this gentleman's too, for his appearance.

Down. I'll ha' no words taken. Bring him along.

Brain. So, ſo, I have made a fair maſh on't.

Steph. Muſt I go?

Brain. I know no remedy, Maſter Stephen.

Down. Come along before me here. I do not love your hanging look behind.

Steph. Why, Sir, I hope you cannot hang me for it, ſure! can he, fellow?

Brain.

Brain. I think not, Sir. It is but a whipping matter, ſure.

Steph. Why then let him do his worſt, I am reſolute. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

A Hall in Juſtice CLEMENT'*s Houſe.*

Enter CLEMENT, KNO'WELL, KITELY, *Dame* KITELY, TIB, CASH, COB, *and* SERVANTS.

Clem. Nay, but ſtay, ſtay, give me leave: my chair, ſirrah. You Maſter Kno'well, ſay you went thither to meet your ſon.

Kno. Ay, Sir.

Clem. But who directed you thither.

Kno. That did mine own man, Sir.

Clem. Where is he?

Kno. Nay, I know, not, now; I left him with your clerk, and appointed him to ſtay here for me.

Clem. My clerk? about what time was this?

Kno. Marry, between one and two, as I take it.

Clem. And what time came my man with the falſe meſſage to you, Maſter Kitely?

Kite. After two, Sir.

Clem. Very good: but, Mrs Kitely, how chance it that you were at Cob's? ha?

Dame. An' pleaſe you, Sir, I'll tell you: my Brother Wellbred told me, that Cob's houſe was a ſuſpected place—

Clem. So it appears, methinks: but on.

Dame. And that my huſband uſed thither daily.

Clem. No matter, ſo he us'd himſelf well, miſtreſs.

Dame. True, Sir, but you know what grows by ſuch haunts oftentimes.

Clem. I ſee rank fruits of a jealous brain, Miſtreſs Kitely; but did you find your huſband there, in that caſe, as you ſuſpected?

Kite. I found her there, Sir.

Clem. Did you ſo? that alters the caſe. Who gave you knowledge of your wife's being there?

Kite Marry, that did my Brother Wellbred.

Clem. How, Wellbred firſt tell her, then tell you after? where is Wellbred?

Kite.

Kite. Gone with my ſiſter, Sir, I know not whither.

Clem. Why, this is a mere trick, a device; you are gull'd in this moſt groſsly, all! alas, poor wench, wert thou ſuſpected for this?

Tib. Yes, and 't pleaſe you.

Clem. I ſmell miſchief here, plot and contrivance, Maſter Kitely. However, if you will ſtep into the next room with your wife, and think coolly of matters, you'll find ſome trick has been play'd you—I fear there have been jealouſies on both parts, and the wags have been merry with you.

Kite. I begin to feel it—I'll take your counſel—will you go in, Dame?

Dame. I will have juſtice, Mr Kitely. [*Ex.* Kite. *and* D.

Clem. You will be a woman, Mrs Kitely, that I ſee—How now, what's the matter?

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Sir, there's a gentleman i' the court without, deſires to ſpeak with your worſhip.

Clem. A gentleman! what's he?

Serv. A ſoldier, Sir, he ſays.

Clem. A ſoldier! my ſword, quickly: a ſoldier ſpeak with me! ſtand by, I will end your matters anon—Let the ſoldier enter: now, Sir, what ha' you to ſay to me?

Enter BOBADIL *and* MATTHEW.

Bob. By your worſhip's favour——

Clem. Nay, keep out, Sir, I know not your pretence; you ſend me word, Sir, you are a ſoldier; why, Sir, you ſhall be anſwer'd, here, here be them have been among ſoldiers. Sir, your pleaſure

Bob. Faith, Sir, ſo it is, this gentleman and myſelf, have been moſt uncivilly wrong'd and beaten by one Downright, a coarſe fellow about the town here: and for my own part, I proteſt, being a man in no ſort given to this filthy humour of quarrelling, he hath aſſaulted in the way of my peace; deſpoil'd me of mine honour; diſarm'd me of my weapons; and rudely laid me along in the open ſtreets, when I not ſo much as once offer'd to reſiſt him.

Clem. O God's precious! is this the ſoldier? lie there, my ſword, 'twill make him ſwoon, I fear; he is not fit to look on't that will put up a blow.

Mat. An't pleaſe your worſhip, he was bound to the peace.

Clem. Why, an' he were, Sir, his hands were not bound, were they?

Serv. There's one of the varlets of the city, Sir, has brought two gentlemen here, one upon your Worſhip's warrant.

Clem. My warrant?

Serv. Yes, Sir, the officer ſays, procur'd by theſe two.

Clem Bid him come in. Set by this picture. What, Mr Downright! are you brought at Mr Freſhwater's ſuit here?

Enter DOWNRIGHT, STEPHEN, *and* BRAINWORM.

Down. I'faith, Sir. And here's another brought at my ſuit.

Clem. What are you, Sir?

Steph. A gentleman, Sir. O uncle!

Clem. Uncle? who, Mr Kno'well?

Kno. Ay, Sir, this is a wiſe kinſman of mine.

Steph. God's my witneſs, uncle, I am wrong'd here monſtrouſly: he charges me with ſtealing of his cloke, and would I might never ſtir, if I did not find it in the ſtreet by chance.

Down. O, did you find it, now? you ſaid you bought it ere-while.

Steph. And you ſaid I ſtole it; nay, now my uncle is here, I'll do well enough with you.

Clem. Well, let this breathe a while; you that have cauſe to complain there, ſtand forth: had you my warrant for this gentleman's apprehenſion?

Bob Ay, an't pleaſe your worſhip.

Clem. Nay, do not ſpeak in paſſion ſo; where had you it?

Bob. Of your clerk, Sir.

Clem. That's well, and my clerk can make warrants and my hand not at 'em! where is the warrant? officer, have you it?

Brain. No, Sir, your Worſhip's man, Maſter Formal, bid me do it for theſe gentlemen, and he would be my diſcharge.

Clem. Why, Maſter Downright, are you ſuch a no-

vice, to be ſerv'd, and never ſee the warrant?

Down. Sir, he did not ſerve it on me.

Clem. No, how then?

Down Marry, Sir, he came to me, and ſaid he muſt ſerve it, and he would uſe me kindly, and ſo——

Clem. O, God's pity, was it ſo, Sir? he muſt ſerve it? give me a warrant, I muſt ſerve one too—you knave, you ſlave, you rogue, do you ſay you muſt, ſirrah? away with him to the jail, I'll teach you a trick for your *muſt*, Sir.

Brain. Good Sir, I beſeech you be good to me.

Clem. Tell him, he ſhall to the jail, away with him, I ſay.

Brain. Nay, Sir, if you will commit me, it ſhall be for committing more than this: I will not loſe by my travel any grain of my fame certain. [*Throws off his diſguiſe.*

Clem. How is this?

Kno. My man, Brainworm!

Steph. O yes, uncle, Brainworm has been with my couſin Edward and I all this day.

Clem. I told you all there was ſome device.

Brain. Nay, excellent Juſtice, ſince I have laid myſelf thus open to you, now ſtand ſtrong for me, both with your ſword and your balance.

Clem. Body o' me, a merry knave! give me a bowl of ſack: if he belongs to you, Maſter Kno'well, I beſpeak your patience.

Brain. That is it I have moſt need of. Sir, if you'll pardon me only, I'll glory in all the reſt of my exploits.

Kno. Sir, you know I love not to have my favours come hard from me. You have your pardon: though I ſuſpect you ſhrewdly for being of counſel with my ſon againſt me.

Brain. Yes, faith, I have, Sir; though you retain'd me doubly this morning for yourſelf; firſt, as Brainworm, after as Fitzſword. I was your reform'd ſoldier, Sir, 'twas I ſent you to Cob's houſe upon the errand without end.

Kno. Is it poſſible! or that thou ſhould'ſt diſguiſe thyſelf ſo as I ſhould not know thee?

Brain. O, Sir! this has been the day of my metamorphoſis; it is not that ſhape alone that I have run through to-day: I brought Maſter Kitely a meſſage too, in the form of Maſter Juſtice's man here, to draw him out o' the way, as well as you Worſhip; while Maſter Well-

bred

bred might make a conveyance of Mrs Bridget to my young maſter.

Kno. My ſon is not married, I hope.

Brain. Faith, Sir, they are both as ſure as love, a prieſt, and three thouſand pounds, which is her portion, can make 'em: and by this time are ready to beſpeak their wedding ſupper at the Windmill, except ſome friend here prevent 'em, and invite 'em home.

Clem. Marry that will I, I thank thee for putting me in mind on't. Sirrah, go you and fetch them hither upon my warrant. Neither's friends have cauſe to be ſorry, if I know the young couple aright. But I pray thee, what haſt thou done with my man Formal?

Brain. Faith, Sir, after ſome ceremony paſt, as making him drunk, firſt with ſtory, and then with wine (but all in kindneſs) and ſtripping him to his ſhirt; I left him in that cool vein, departed, ſold your Worſhip's warrant to theſe two, pawned his livery for that varlet's gown to ſerve it in; and thus have brought myſelf, by my activity, to your Worſhip's conſideration.

Clem. And I will conſider thee in a cup of ſack. Here's to thee; which having drank off, this is my ſentence. Pledge me. Thou haſt done, or aſſiſted to nothing, in my judgment, but deſerves to be pardon'd for the wit o' the offence. Go into the next room; let Maſter Kitely into this whimſical buſineſs, and if he does not forgive thee, he has leſs mirth in him than an honeſt man ought to have. How now, who are theſe?

Enter Ed. Kno'well, Wellbred, *and* Bridget.

O, the young company. Welcome, welcome. Give you joy. Nay, Mrs Bridget, bluſh not; you are not ſo freſh a bride, but the news of it hath come hither before you. Maſter Bridegroom, I have made your peace, give me your hand: ſo will I for all the reſt, ere you forſake my roof.

All. We are the more bound to your humanity, Sir.

Clem. Only theſe two have ſo little of man in 'em, they are no part of my care.

Steph. And what ſhall I do?

Clem. O! I had loſt a ſheep an' he had not bleeted. Why, Sir, you ſhall give Mr Downright his cloke: and I will entreat him to take it. A trencher and a napkin

you ſhall have in the buttery, and keep Cob and his wife company here; whom I will entreat firſt to be reconciled, and you to endeavour with your wit to keep 'em ſo.

Steph. I'll do my beſt.

Clem. Call Maſter Kitely and his wife, there.

Enter Mr KITELY *and Dame* KITELY.

Did I not tell you there was a plot againſt you? Did I not ſmell it out, as a wiſe magiſtrate ought? Have not you traced, have you not found it, eh, Mr Kitely?

Kite. I have—I confeſs my folly, and own I have deſerv'd what I have ſuffer'd for it. The trial has been ſevere, but it is paſt. All I have to ask now, is, that as my folly is cur'd, and my perſecutors forgiven, my ſhame may be forgotten.

Clem. That will depend upon yourſelf, Maſter Kitely; do not you yourſelf create the food for miſchief, and the miſchievous will not prey upon you.—But come, let a general reconciliation go round, and let all diſcontents be laid aſide.—You, Mr Downright, put off your anger.—You, Mr Kno'well, your cares.—And do you, Maſter Kitely and your wife, put off your jealouſies.

Kite Sir, thus they go from me; kiſs me, my wife.
See, what a drove of horns fly in the air,
Wing'd with my cleanſed, and my credulous breath;
Watch 'em, ſuſpicious eyes, watch where they fall.
See, ſee, on heads, that think they've none at all.
O, what a plenteous world of this will come,
When air rains horns, all may be ſure of ſome.

Clem. 'Tis well, 'tis well. This night we'll dedicate to friendſhip, love and laughter. Maſter Bridegroom, take your bride, and lead; every one a fellow. Here is my miſtreſs.—Brainworm! to whom all my addreſſes of courtſhip ſhall have their reference: whoſe adventures this day, when our grand-children ſhall hear to be made a fable, I doubt not but it ſhall find both ſpectators and applauſe.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

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